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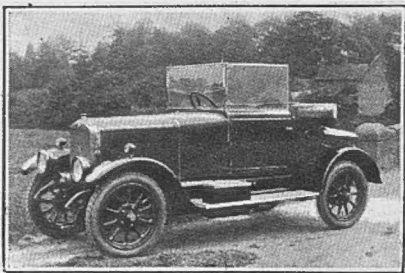
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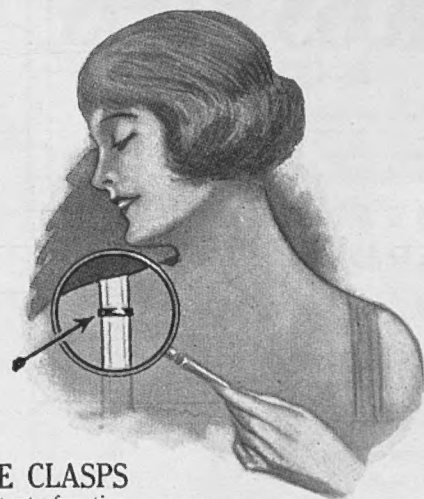
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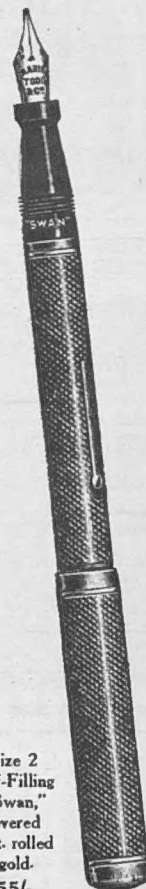
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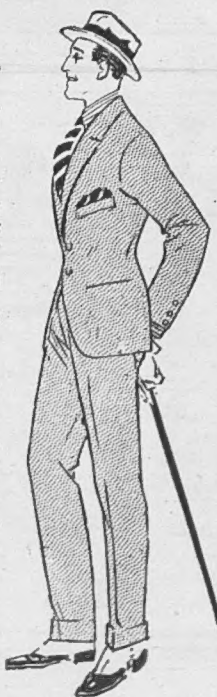
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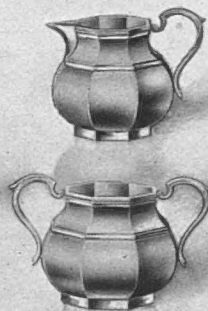
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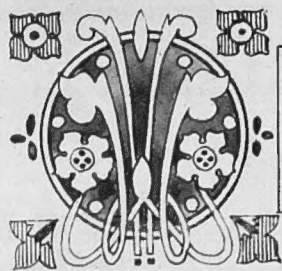
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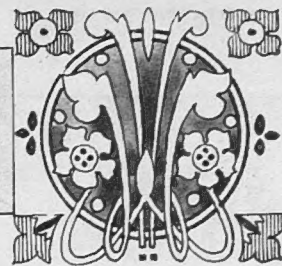
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No. 1582—Vol. CXXII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1923.

ONE SHILLING.



A LADY'S BATH-ROOM IN B.E.A.: MRS. MARTIN JOHNSTON BATHING IN AN ELEPHANT WATER-HOLE.

Bathing when one is on safari (as travelling through the bush in Africa is termed) is not a luxurious business. Our photograph shows Mrs. Martin Johnston in her "bath-room" in British East Africa. She and her husband spent two years in Africa photographing wild animals, the record

of their trip being the picture, "Trailing African Wild Animals," presented by the Metro Pictures Corporation. Our snapshot shows Mrs. Martin Johnston having what is a splendidly luxurious wash for African travellers, in an elephant water-hole.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I MET a man yesterday who said he had just come from the Royal Academy. I could see that he wanted me to ask him if it was a good Academy this year. I did not ask him, but that did not prevent his telling me.

"Oh!" I said. "How's the golf going?"

"It's an awful Academy this year," he said.

Poor fellow! He had to say it or suffer serious physical discomfort. He could no more help saying it than you can help running after another man's hat as it bowls merrily down the street. It is an instinct to run after other people's hats. The worst curmudgeons in the world do it. Misers do it. Murderers and burglars do it. I have seen an eminent actor, beautifully dressed and doubtless conscious of his importance, dash into the midst of crowded traffic to pick up a cap which had fallen from the greasy poll of a brewer's drayman. The actor risked his life to rescue that cap. He couldn't help it. It was blind, unreasoning instinct. The brewer's drayman did not thank him. He knew it was instinct, and not kindness of heart. No, I withdraw that. It is a kindly instinct which makes us run after mud-bespattered hats, whilst the owner stands still and waits for the hat to be brought to him.

But is it a kindly instinct which makes us say, each year, that the new Academy is a rotten Academy? No. You can't claim any kindness of heart for that.

The remark is probably born of British distrust in every form of art that is labelled British. English people will go to the Paris Salon and stand enraptured before the worst daubs in the world. I don't mean that all the paintings in the Paris Salon are the worst daubs in the world; but I do mean that pictures are accepted by the Paris Salon which would never find a home on the walls of Burlington House.

Never mind. They are French, and that is enough for the Britisher. The French can paint and we can't. That is an axiom.

In point of fact, the man who said to me that this year's Academy was an awful Academy was quite wrong. It contains just as many good pictures as any other Academy, possibly more.

Of course, the hanging committee handicap themselves in all sorts of needless ways. To begin with, no Academy could ever give sheer delight which mingles portraits of successful commercial gentlemen with delightful sea- and land-scapes merely because the portraits have been painted, in many cases, by Royal Academicians.

You may say that a genius can make a

work of art out of any face. Yes, I know; but why should genius waste itself on the faces of successful commercial gentlemen when genius might be recording for all time the interesting and arresting faces of—well, let us say musicians and poets?

These comfortable gentlemen in white waistcoats and gold chains always depress me. I hunt up the beastly number in the catalogue—mere instinct—only to discover that this is another esquire who has made a million or two and wants his descendants to

would surely be sufficient for one Academy. Sheep grazing are much alike. All sheep graze the same way. They can't help it. There is no opportunity for individuality when you graze. You simply bend down your head, seize a small tuft of grass in an absurdly small mouth, tear it away from the earth, and swallow it without lifting your head or pausing for a drink.

You never saw a sheep leave off grazing for a few minutes, walk down to the water, have a drink, and then come back and go on grazing. They don't feed like that.

Their plan is—instinct once more—to keep on grazing, grazing, grazing, grazing, grazing until there is nothing left to graze. When every blade of grass has been consumed they lift their heads and look round in a hurt manner for the shepherd. The shepherd, of course, doesn't care a rush. He is having a couple at The Wheatsheaf, and if the sheep like to eat all their food at one go, instead of dividing it up into three or four meals, as we do—well, that is their affair.

So much for sheep grazing. I should think that one sheep grazing would be sufficient for any one Academy. Anyone who wants more sheep than that could revolve rapidly in front of the picture and keep on looking at the one annual sheep. That would have the same effect as lots of sheep grazing, and save much precious space.

There is also this matter of dead fish on a plate. We must, I agree, have a certain number of dead fish on plates, but dead fish may be overdone. They are not exhilarating, especially uncooked. In all the years I have been going to the Academy, nobody has ever shown me a plateful of cooked whitebait, or a grilled haddock with a poached egg on it. Now why is this? Why should it be the thing to paint uncooked fish, and never the thing to paint cooked fish? Is it because if the fish were cooked the artist would eat it? Yes; I suppose that is the reason. No artist could withstand cooked fish, but many of them seem quite happy and at home with uncooked fish. Strange.

Little boats putting out to sea are always nice—not exhilarating, especially when they print an extract from "Three Fishers" in the cata-

logue; but nice, and clean, and lady-like. I always think how lucky it is for artists who paint little boats putting out to sea that the wind can blow one way only at a time. When you have done your first boat, the rest are mere copies, getting smaller and smaller until the chap on the horizon is just a dot. So much for this good 1923 Academy. I ought to add, perhaps, that I have not yet been.



THE OUTSTANDING SUCCESS OF "THE MUSIC BOX," THE NEW REVUE AT THE PALACE: MISS RENIE RIANO, THE NEW ECCENTRIC DANCER.

Miss Renie Riano, the wonderful eccentric dancer who is now appearing in "The Music Box," the latest Cochran production at the Palace, is the most amusing and original artist seen in London for some time, and is the outstanding success of the new revue. Our photograph shows her as she is in real life; but when she comes on to the stage she is "made up ugly." There is humour in her strange metallic voice and in her uncannily clever dancing.

Photograph by James Hargis Connelly.

know what he looked like. Or it may be that a number of his friends and so forth have subscribed for the portrait, and mean to hang it in the local Town Hall. All right. Let the local Town Hall have it.

The hanging committee further handicap themselves, in my modest opinion, by their passion for sheep grazing. I admit that sheep grazing are very charming, very rural, very innocent; but one picture of sheep grazing

Do Not Fail to Read the Notice on Page xxxii.

The Topping Twins and the Best Twins.



A QUARTET WHOSE RESPECTIVE PARENTS ARE APPEARING IN "HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND": THE A. E. MATTHEWS BOYS NURSING THE SONS OF MISS EDNA BEST (MRS. SEYMOUR BEARD).

There is a special family interest attached to the production of "Her Temporary Husband," at the Duke of York's Theatre, as two of the principal members of the cast—Miss Edna Best, the leading lady, and Mr. A. E. Matthews—are the proud possessors of twins. Miss Edna Best, who is in private life Mrs. Seymour Beard, is the mother of John

and Jimmy Beard; while Mr. A. E. Matthews, who plays Clarence Topping, in "Her Temporary Husband," is the father of Pat and John Matthews. Mr. Matthews married Miss May Blayney. Our photograph of the two sets of twins connected with the Duke of York's Theatre shows the Best twins on the knees of the Topping, or Matthews, pair.

MARIEGOLD AGAIN.

The Opera Again.

"Grand Opera at Covent Garden is supposed to help to bring about the correct 'season' atmosphere in town," remarked Mariegold; "and there is something in the belief, for it is useless to deny that the Opera in London is primarily a social function, and that only a few very misguided people go for the sake of the music."

"Consequently," interrupted the Cynic, "it was perhaps a mistake to give 'The Perfect Fool' on the opening night, as there are no intervals, and therefore no opportunities for looking round the house! Possibly this was the reason that, on the whole, the house did not look overwhelmingly smart, though there were a number of diamond tiaras about."

"The house was very full," continued Mariegold; "but a *première* is always a draw, and I do not know that Mr. Holst's opera will live for very long. What idea inspired him when he wrote it is somewhat difficult to fathom. If it is meant for a parody of Wagner, it is not played enough like high comedy, though the composer does mention that it should be in his stage directions. Of course, Mr. Holst, in some of his serious musical moments, is a mystic, and that always makes one suspicious, and forces one to look for symbolism where, perhaps, none exists. The parody idea may be responsible for the fact that the music at times seems strangely reminiscent. As for the staging, it was simple and highly decorative, and is an object-lesson to more ambitious productions; and the costumes, on the whole, were quite in keeping with the spirit of the opera."

"Yes," came from Miss Carp; "but why did Miss Maggie Teyte choose quite such a modern dress? It seemed out of key with the rest of the production."

"But," cried Mariegold, "she looked charming in it, and her voice was as pure and fresh as ever. Mr. Goossens conducted admirably. He is one of the few *chefs d'orchestre* who manage to look elegant, too! I searched for his beautiful wife in the audience, but could not spot her before the lights went out."

The Cabaret Dinner and Dance.

"Mrs. James Corrigan's cabaret dinner and dance was the first private entertainment of its kind I have ever been to," came from the Elderly Clubman. "I was much impressed, but suppose that Mariegold and other members of this generation take such lavish affairs quite calmly. It was a wonderful party."

"But not the first of its kind in London," replied Mariegold. "Mr. Selfridge recently introduced the cabaret dinner as a form of private entertaining when he gave one at Lansdowne House. In either case, it is a Transatlantic innovation, for Mrs. Corrigan is one of the post-war American hostesses who are helping to make a brighter London. Dinner to a hundred guests—served at ten tables of ten—with a cabaret entertainment given during the meal, and dancing to follow, is no small affair to arrange, even though Mrs. James Forbes gave her help. Mrs. George Keppel's house—16, Grosvenor Street, which Mrs. Corrigan has again this year—is a splendid one for entertaining, though the dining-room, with its black-and-gold lacquer

furnishings, is not particularly spacious. A marquee was built out for the cabaret dinner. It was covered in trellis and growing creepers, and the border of fresh spring flowers, comfortably planted in their bed of dark soil, which was roofed in by the marquee, added a curiously unexpected decoration to the scene of the cabaret show. A breath of spring and the open air!"



1. Angela arranged a splendid circus to perform at Little Langley-under-Longford on Whit Monday. The simple villagers flocked happily to the proffered treat.

"I didn't notice any spring flowers," laughed the Youngest Young Man; "my attention was too well kept by the Plantation Niggers from the Empire, who performed on the stone steps of the garden—an ideal



2. But from the beginning the affair was not a success. The intelligent audience received Kitten's performance very coldly. She is reading a learned treatise upon tight-rope walking instead of giving a performance of the art—in which she is not at all proficient.



stage. Paul Whiteman's saxophone players, and an accordion expert who made entrancing music from his strange instrument, were also on the programme; and Mlle. Loulou Hegoburn, specially come from Paris, added that touch of Continental atmosphere for which Londoners always clamour. . . .

"Even when they don't understand the words of the songs, but hope manfully for the worst!" laughed Miss Carp.

Toys for Grown-Ups.

"Little Mevagh Forbes was another feature of the entertainment," continued Mariegold. "She was given her orders to trot round and help to distribute the toys which all the grown-ups received to play with. I think she must have found it a trying task parting from the lovely golden elephants and delightful woolly guinea-pigs; but everything was on a lavish scale, and I fancy that the supply was quite big enough to provide all the guests with favours and still leave plenty of specimens for home consumption as bed-room comforts for real babyhood. Lord Beatty, Lord and Lady Brecknock, Lord Carmarthen, Lady Patricia Ward, the ubiquitous Prince Obolensky (without whom no party seems complete), Lady Georgina Agar, Mr. Baring and his sister Viola, and more interesting people than I can count up were there, not forgetting Sir Victor and Lady Warrender and the Laverys."

"What a lot of dancing we have had in marble halls of late," contributed the Youngest Young Man. "The choice of black or white when Lady Kysant and Lady Ridley both gave balls on the same night was quite suggestive of Arabian Nights; but from the sternly practical point of view, how satisfactory that both houses have small drawing-rooms suitable for sitting out, as marble steps are hardly ideal for the purpose—especially during an English spring."

"Lady Ridley's ball-room is a wonderfully airy place," mused Mariegold. "I imagine that the arrangement of windows looking over the stairs and hall would prevent it ever growing too hot; while Lady Kysant's is almost too airy. There is one thing about it, though: the cooling breezes which come up from the hall do discourage guests from congregating too thickly round the entrance of the dance-room!"

"I wonder," came from the Clubman, "why Lady Ridley and her brother, Lord Wimborne, both had entertainments on the same night. There were not more than fifty guests at Wimborne House, but the festivities went on till three-thirty at least. Lord and Lady Ossory were among the guests who attended both functions; and what a gathering of pretty women were at the Wimborne dance."

"Yes," came from Mariegold. "Lady Cynthia Mosley, in her favourite sea-green frock, with a silvery filigree head-dress. Lady Diana Cooper had one which was almost

identical, worn with a coral-pink crêpe frock, adorned with silver lace. Lady Irene Curzon was vivid in flame colour; and Mrs. Dudley Ward was in black and white—a combination which must be handled by a master designer. Lady Brecknock was very charming in hydrangea-blue, and I liked Katherine Norton's pale-green. The Duchess of Rutland looked

Hugh Thomson's Magic. "And now for art. I felt as though I should have taken flowers to the Hugh Thomson Memorial Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries," said the Professional Woman; "just to mark my personal debt of gratitude to him. It was his pictures which made me first turn over the pages of 'Cranford' and Jane Austen. Then when I had read a few words by chance the magic of the writers did the rest—but it was Hugh Thomson's magic which first drew me, a browsing youngster, to them. There must be lots of people who owe their first peep into books to him.

"It was delightful to see the original pen-and-ink and water-colour drawings . . . the romantic young gentlemen in whiskers and strapped trousers, the dashing officers, the alluring misses in pelerines and tippets and bonnets who always look so spirited and full of character, the ostlers, and horses, and serving-maids.

"Max Beerbohm is in town arranging his forthcoming show. Unfortunately, he is here only for a visit, I understand, the rumour that he was now to make his permanent home here being false. I suppose we decided he was coming home because we so much wanted him to. We'd be all the better for his eagle's-eye view of our little coteries; and our literary and artistic groups would provide him with lots of subjects. Our resident caricaturists are so apt to confine themselves to our politicians. And how like their

forgotten myself that Wagner used it in 'The Rhinegold,' where the cat appears as Loge, and the ogre as Alberich. But not even at Bayreuth have the ogre's transformations been so convincingly managed as here. Lots of musical and writing people at the first night, among them Mark Hambourg, Walter Rummel, Robert Lynd, and Arthur Symonds. Everybody was suggesting new subjects for the art of the Little Players, 'The Mikado' being the most popular. But I hear whispers of a curtailed version of 'The Tempest,' which the Marionettes have already produced in Italy."

Curing Love of His Blindness. "Of course I went to 'The Piccadilly Puritan,'" said Aunt Priscilla. "You know

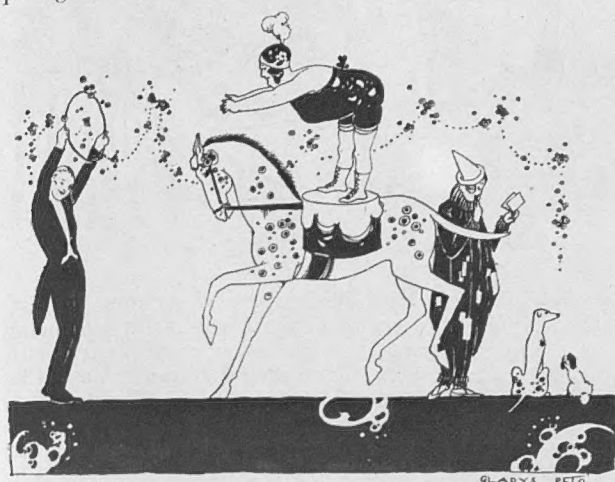
how I enjoy Dorothy Minto's *gaminerie*. But, alas! it is another of these plays with a dubious heroine who behaves like a cad through the play, and then declares at the end that she is 'really a nice girl.' But very unconvincingly, my dear, for how does she come to know all these Piccadilly topics so thoroughly if she is what we orthodox folk call 'a nice girl'? No, I am afraid she really was the Piccadilly type, and not merely a young lady acting it."

"Rotten time for us men," said the Youngest Young Man moodily, "if girls insist, like this particular stage heroine, on curing Love of his blindness, and on entering into matrimony only when they have had their own eyes opened by their 'secret tests' as to our fitness."

"Nonsense!" rasped the Professional Woman. "Men have always had their tests for wives. And Love was never blind except when he looked through the eyes of women."

"Happy blindness," said the Club Cynic, "is to be preferred to clear sight which sees only the ugliness of things."

"At any rate," said Aunt Priscilla soothingly, "Miss Minto's dresses weren't ugly, though I wondered why the women characters wore summery frocks when the author of the play had ordered a winter snow-storm. Miss Minto's frocks were short, wide-skirted ones, with the waist where Nature intended it should be—one a lavender embroidered taffetas with a pouched bodice tied at the right side, and with a big cluster of roses at the left to balance the sash; and there was a pretty one in palest-yellow charmeuse with berthe collar and narrow pleated apron of beige lace, a posy of yellow



3. While it is apparent to everyone that Aunt Babsie can never succeed in getting through the hoop . . . and Angela is a very bad Clown, although she does the best she can with Aunt Amelia's riddle book.

in for a while, and men included Lord Dalmeny, Jimmy de Rothschild, and Sir James Dunn."

"I hear," ventured Aunt Priscilla, "that everyone is talking about Lady Astor's party, to which the Prince of Wales went. Was it really so daring a mixture?"

"Nothing is considered during these days," laughed Mariegold. "Labour Members, Cabinet Ministers, actors, actresses, singers, and other celebrities were there, but I was not startled. Lady Astor is an extraordinarily active hostess. She leaves the top of the stairs at the earliest possible moment, and mingles with her guests, greeting each with one of her ready jokes or a laugh. She has a passion for flowers, and the profusion of decorations at her parties is always noticeable. The little boudoir which contains the lovely Romney is always a bower. The Prince of Wales dined with the Astors that night, and stayed for a while at the reception, before going to Wimborne House."

"Talking of the Prince," came from the Clubman, "I hear that he much enjoyed staying with Lord and Lady Blythwood at Penrice Castle, which Lady Blythwood inherited from her aunt, the millionaire Miss Talbot."

"The Blythwoods have entertained the Prince before," broke in Mariegold, "for he stayed with them at their Glasgow home. Miss Audrey Meakin, Lady Sondes's unmarried daughter, and Lord Inverclyde were among those invited to meet him this time; and of course Miss Olive Campbell was there. She is a charming, unaffected girl, with auburn hair, and looks her best in country clothes."

"Who doesn't?" came from Peter the Sportsman. "When we were at Kempton on the coldest of spring days last week, I made a note of the charm of the women in their simple tailor-mades."

"Yes," cried Mariegold; "when the serried ranks of umbrellas allowed one to glimpse those beneath them, I saw some very attractive people: Lady Stanley in black, Lady Wilton in a brown-and-black speckled suit, Mrs. Keith Menzies with a gay red hat, and the Duchess of Sutherland swathed in a moleskin cloak and wearing a hat with vivid green feathers in it. Mrs. Dudley Ward had a red hat, too, with her mauve tweed. I am not sure that I liked the combination; but, of course, it is a colour-plan which Dame Nature followed most successfully when she designed a fuchsia."



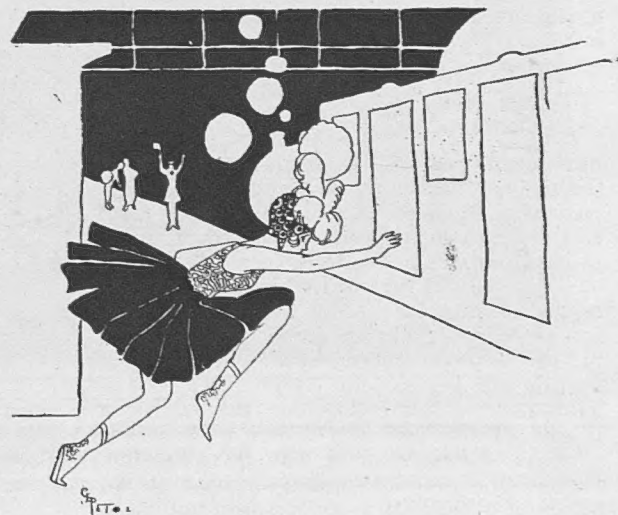
4. And Aunt Babsie as a lion-tamer was certainly a failure.

caricatures people grow! A solemn thought! Making a new face by drawing it on paper is just as much black magic as the mediæval method of destroying one by sticking pins in a waxen figure."

At the Marionettes.

"Mr. Asquith doesn't seem to mind the weight of his caricatures," said the Elderly Clubman. "He looked very jolly the other night at the Marionettes at the Scala—red-faced, white-haired, and laughing till he shook at the frenzy of little Bil Bal Bul the gymnast. He's the new matinée idol—the successor of Owen Nares. How we all applauded when his brown cloth figure appeared, and lots of us bought cut-out wooden portraits of him from the attendants. How glad I am that the wire-pullers never allow him to collapse. Even in his curtain calls he is still the actor, bowing with all the self-satisfied dignity and grace his sawdust limbs allow."

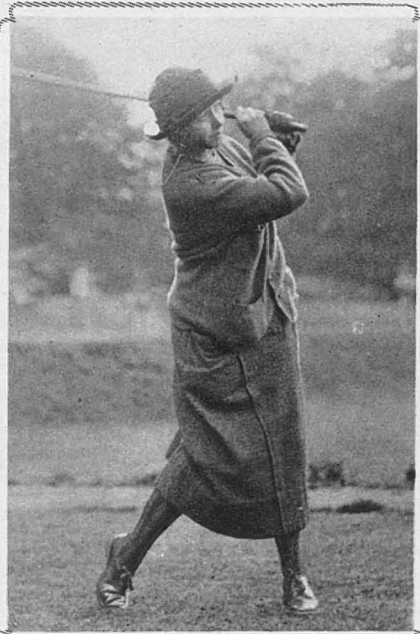
"Astonishing the feeling these puppets arouse," said Mariegold. "There was a real sense of tragedy in the trial scene and the procession to the gallows in 'The Magpie.' Ever so many people didn't know the story of 'Puss in Boots.' I'd



5. This is Angela flying for the London train, leaving the others to deal with the infuriated mob.

and green flowers at the waist, and a string of green beads giving it a cool touch of colour."

GOLF, LAWN-TENNIS, THE PARK—AND ST. GEORGE'S.



IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF TOURNAMENT: MISS PATRICIA GOLD.



AT HANGER HILL: MRS. SLAZENGER AND LADY ELLEN LAMBERT.



A GROUP OF PARLIAMENTARY LADY MARTIN SMITH, THE HON. MILDRED



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, LADY TITCHFIELD (L.), AND THE HON. MRS. LEITH, WHOM SHE DEFEATED.



TAKING A STROLL IN THE PARK: LADY MARY CARNEGIE, MISS MARIAN WILSON, AND CAPTAIN DRUMMOND WOLFF.

The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association held its annual tournament at Hanger Hill last week, and many well-known people competed, including those shown on our page. Mrs. Olaf Hambro is a very good golfer, and was formerly Miss Martin-Smith; Lady Titchfield is the wife of the Duke of Portland's son, and was formerly the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox.—The Hon. Moyra Marjoribanks is the elder of Lord Tweedmouth's two daughters, and was born in 1902. Her marriage to Captain R. Heyworth, Royal Dragoons, takes place on June 12, at

SPORTSWOMEN, A BRIDE, AND A BRIDE-ELECT.



GOLFERS: MRS. R. C. SNOWDEN, MRS. LOWTHER, AND MRS. OLAF HAMBRO.



AT GOLF: LADY CRANWORTH AND MRS. WALTER STEWART.



TO MARRY CAPT. R. HEYWORTH: THE HON. MOYRA MARJORIBANKS.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS IONE EVANS-FREKE AND MR. R. G. ATHOL THORNE: AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.



PLAYING IN THE HAMPDEN HOUSE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (R.) AND LADY MAIDSTONE.

Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.—Lady Mary Carnegie is the younger daughter of the Earl of Southesk.—Miss Ione Evans-Freke, whose marriage to Mr. R. G. Athol Thorne took place last week, is a kinswoman of Lord Carbery. Lord Victor Seymour was the officiating clergyman, and after the ceremony a reception was held at Claridge's.—The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Maidstone were among those who played in the tennis tournament organised by Lady Pembroke at Hampden House, Green Street.—[Photographs by C.N. and S. and G.]

Not in the Least What You Think! Guess Again!



A SITTING-ROOM ON THE "LEVIATHAN": SHOWING A CHARLES DANA GIBSON GIRL WHO ACTED AS A DECORATION "MANNEQUIN."



A HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND A HARRISON FISHER GIRL: AT THEIR TOILETTE IN A "LEVIATHAN" BED-ROOM.



COFFEE IN A WINTER GARDEN: A SCENE WHICH DOES NOT SUGGEST OCEAN TRAVEL.



IN A LINER—NOT ON LAND: THE RITZ-CARLTON RESTAURANT ON THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LINER.

IN A LINER—NOT ON LAND: A SHIP AS AN HOTEL WITH 2411 PASSENGERS.

The photographs on this page show the interior of the "Leviathan" (formerly the German "Vaterland") of the U.S. Lines, which is about to make her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. The ornate scheme of German decoration has been replaced by a new plan of simple design and good taste. The public rooms include a social hall and theatre, leading

from which, through a foyer, is the Ritz-Carlton Winter Garden. A number of beautiful American girls were posed in the rooms to assist the arrangement of walls and furniture, and achieve the most becoming style for feminine beauty. The girls represented the types made familiar by Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, and Howard Chandler Christy.

A Family Study.



WITH JAN AND RACHEL: MISS IRENE SCHARRER
(MRS. LUBBOCK), THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

Miss Irene Scharrer, the famous pianist, is, in private life, Mrs. Lubbock, the wife of Mr. Samuel Gurney Lubbock, an Assistant Master at Eton since 1897. She was married in 1915, and has a little boy and girl, Jan Gurney Lubbock and Rachel Gurney Lubbock, who are shown with her in our beautiful portrait study. Mrs. Lubbock is not often heard

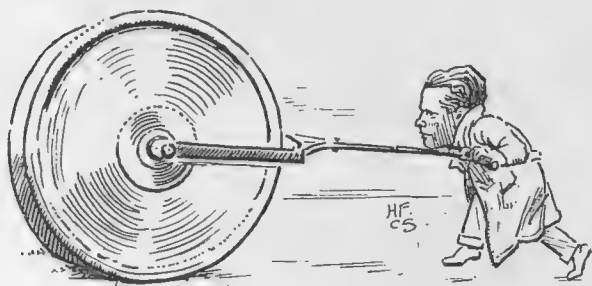
on the concert platform now, so her appearance recently at the Wigmore Hall was a red-letter day for all her admirers. She gave a programme which included Schumann, Beethoven, Bach, Purcell, Stravinsky, and some modern French pieces, and held the audience enthralled with the beauty, polish, style, and fine musicalness of her playing.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

FRIDAY is the day in a tournament week when all good managers have reduced the formidable number of competitors with whom they were faced on the Monday to a select little band of four—in at least each



NORTON ROLLS THE COURT BEFORE PLAYING.

of the principal events. Hamilton Price, being a good manager, was in this happy position on the Friday afternoon at Hurlingham. He was able to gloat over the fact that he had rid himself of fifty-six men and forty-eight women from the two Open Singles, and could view with the tranquillity of a Prime Minister the convenient little number of four that would fit like a glove into that almost the last round commonly called the semi-final.

Having, so to speak, "formed fours," he could now "stand at ease." But no sooner had the "Big Four," Norton v. Fyzee and F. R. Leighton Crawford v. "Philathlete," gone into court than they were compelled to beat a hasty retreat by drenching rain and such an icy-cold, blustering wind that blew the dust up with all the disagreeable effect of an Eastern sand-storm.

The only available shelter was the manager's tiny tent. Into this refuge, clearly labelled, "Press and Committee Only," poured every conceivable kind of lawn-tennis person—except the Press and Committee.

But above the storm could be heard the calm, firm voice of the man at the helm giving his directions. At such a time, when the very

tent itself looked like being carried away by the fierce blast—and would have been had not strong men implicitly obeyed the order to stand by the poles—it was difficult to believe that anyone could have been guilty of flippancy. Yet one competitor—a very well-known player too—as he left this harbour of refuge to strike out for the club-house, shouted to the manager, "If you want me, you'll find me asleep in the lounge!" A murmur of disapproval greeted the frivolous remark. This was no time

for sleep. Some almost hoped he would never make the club-house, and that he would, instead, be found "asleep in the deep."

In time, however, the tempest ceased, and at low tide the hard was plainly visible, and the nets were rapidly drying in the sun. Thus Norton was able to put A. H. Fyzee out of the competition in two straight sets—

7-5, 6-3; while "Philathlete" disposed of Crawford in an unexpectedly easy way by defeating him 6-4, 6-2.

Crawford, whose head and arm are almost invariably bandaged, was not, in this match, "bound to win." His opponent, as his pseudonym suggests, is an expert in physical culture. He believes in very freely anointing himself with a liniment before play. Could it be that he had just this advantage in the finer knowledge of preserving his muscular fitness over the perhaps less advanced, but more binding, methods of his victim?

I wondered whether the ball-boys at Hurlingham had heard of "Don Quixote's" drastic treatment of their confrères at Highbury, and had got wind of the fact that he was there disguised as "Nero." Because there were very few of them to be seen on the courts—so few, indeed, that adult persons were called in to carry out the duties of ball-boys. Even leading officials—one a well-known referee and handicapper, and another a popular umpire—were to be seen efficiently giving their services in this humble capacity. From the lofty position of tournament manager, or the still giddier height of an umpire, to ball-boy is a very big step-down. With the still vivid recollection of a story I read in the days of my youth,

entitled "From Powder-Monkey to Admiral," I pondered over the possibility of a ball-boy taking a step up, and rising to the dignity of a seat on the umpire's throne or the post of tournament manager.

One would like to think that a lad, by close application, could get

such promotion. Having mastered by patient practice that all-important shot—requiring accurate placing and proper timing—whereby the server receives the ball first bounce to his hand; and when he has perfected himself in the art of removing a ball from the court while running at top speed; when, in a word, he has made himself thoroughly efficient in the science of combating the vagrant habits of the ball (due, I am told, to its extreme resilience and rotundity), then he might not be wasting his time if he devoted his spare moments to a thorough study of the racket. In time he might get a job of looking after a "Riseley Hexagon," "a Slotted Throat," or a "V.V.V." and keeping these highly strung creations in the pink of condition.

And then, following in the path of Gilbert's immortal First Lord of the Admiralty in "H.M.S. Pinafore," he might one day be able to sing: "I polished up that handle so carefuller that now I am a manager and referee."

But, to get back to Hurlingham, I have not yet told you about the ghastly conditions

under which some of the games were played. The semi-finalists—Wallis Myers and Doust, and Fyzee and Aitken—all deserve medals for personal valour on the court. They were pelted with hail-stones so large that the boy-scout-caddies were hardly able to distinguish them from the balls.

This was a terribly strenuous match, apart from the weather. The score was one set all; in the final set, when at the match point, Fyzee had the whole thing handed to him on a tray. Presented with a lob of bad length, which he was perfectly placed to kill, he sent it instead into the net. After this, by determined, dogged play, the games reached the vantage stage, from which Myers and Doust, drenched to the skin, emerged happy victors at 9-7.

I have in previous notes referred to the need sometimes of a "loud-speaker" in the umpire's chair. During this match there was a splendid "loud-speaker" doing duty—and English, too. But it was not a wireless set. For a telephone wire overhead impeded the course of a ball, which fact, after some discussion, was considered best settled by giving it a "let."

Norton beat "Philathlete" in the Men's Final in a very characteristic way. After losing the first set, 4-6, he won the second, 6-2. He lost the third set, again at 4-6, but won the next two, 6-3 and 6-0. The



A.P.F. CHAPMAN, THE CRICKETER, FEELS THE COLD WHEN UMPIRING.



E. HIGGS.



MISS COLYER.

rain had made the surface of the court extremely uneven. A stroke was often annulled by the ball hitting some inequality. But it was all taken in good part, as being (adapting a golf expression) "a rub" of the rubble.

Dog Faces and Fashions: Olympian Studies.



GETTING OUT OF THEIR TRAVELLING CARRIAGE: TWO COMPETITORS
ARRIVING AT OLYMPIA.



MRS. T. M. SIMPSON SHAW'S PRIZE-WINNING DANDIE DINMONT:
ALPIN RAIDER.



COMPLETE WITH HIS SPORTING CHECKED "OVERCOAT":
A WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER WAITING HIS TURN.



WITH MRS. L. E. GOODLAKE'S MARKYU AND
LOOKYU OF LLYNDDA: MISS HILDA CLARIDGE.



COODEN SANDMAN AND COODEN SPITFIRE: MRS. O. R. WILLIAMS'
WHITE WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS.



WINNER OF A SECOND PRIZE: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. S. KEATES'
BEDLINGTON, NUTRIA.

The Joint Terriers' Show at Olympia drew the remarkable entry of 1851, and was a show at which the standard was extremely high. Our page illustrates some of the many superb animals shown in different classes. Mrs. T. M. Simpson Shaw's Dandie Dinmont, Alpin Raider,

was the Limit and Open Dog and Dog Champion, and Mrs. O. R. Williams was successful with her Cooden Spitfire. Competition was very keen, and the classes required careful sorting by the judges, as there were so many wonderful competitors in each division.

Photographs by C.N., S. and G., and Alfieri.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

In a Third-Class Carriage.

The other day I was taking the train from Waterloo, and I got into a third-class carriage in which sat three labourers. I had been to the Academy, and my eye, absorbed with colour, was quick to note objects on which a painter's fancy might seize.

The man directly opposite me was picturesque enough, with his loose-knotted coloured neckerchief, rat-catcher's coat on which the sleeve-buttons were arranged in an unusual order, double-breasted waistcoat, and yellow corduroy trousers tied below the knees with leather straps. But it was his face and figure that most took the attention. He was about fifty years of age, and must have been a Hercules in his earlier manhood. His frame was spare, but huge; his wrists would have given joy to a rowing man; his square chin was beautifully moulded; his air was one of strength and decision, and it was apparent that the two younger men gave deference to his opinions. And yet for the first part of the journey the only remark he made concerned the excellent quality of the beer at a certain public-house near Waterloo Station and the chances of a particular horse in the 3.30 race.

The other two men were also collarless. I gathered that they worked on the railway. One, though he spoke Cockney, had dark eyes, dark, bristling hair that gave him an Italian look, and two rows of faultless teeth which he showed much, because he was a jolly, talkative fellow. The other, whose corduroys were plastered with dried clay, was full Cockney. He was telling his dark companion about arrangements made by his mother for a Sunday outing, and "Lummy" and "Blimey" came in every sentence. When, glancing at the sporting edition of his evening newspaper, he noted that a horse named Lady Diana—he called it Dinah—was among the additional runners, he forgot everything else. No man could have been more eloquent in his regret that he had not backed the filly before leaving London. He had waited for weeks for her to run. She was a certain winner, and here—just his luck!—he had missed his chance to back the animal. A little, squarely built man, with a fierce expression and a broken nose—he was the image of a Brigade cook we had in France—got in and called out a cheery "How do?" I was unable to tell whether or not he had met the other men previously, but he talked to them about general affairs with no show of diffidence, and fitted in with the company with ease and assurance.

Just before the train started two tired-looking men, one of them wearing a faded top hat, came to the door of the compartment, and then passed on. The fierce little man with the broken nose shot a contemptuous glance at their departing forms. "Yes, that sort can pass on," he said. "Clerks! We should dirty their clothes if they sat next us. I've been seein' their sort all

the week where I've been lodging. Go out in the mornin' with top hats, and if they're invited out in the evenin' they've got to boil their shirts first. Clerks! And they look at you as if you're dirt if you're a bit rough-like! I've been fair sick of it. Glad to get home for the weekend."

Clean, Natural Talk.

The train moved swiftly past the inner suburbs. We were now among green hedges and country fields. The big man put aside his paper, looked out of the window, and spoke to me about bird life; his knowledge was ripe, and kindly, and varied. The other three talked freely and showed interest in

years at least, the war days in France—the open, unaffected life which, with all its hardships, disappointments, and anxieties, had a healthy heartiness unknown in the set daily grind to which most of us have returned. And when these plain, good fellows left the train there was melancholy in my reflection that those times could never come again; nothing could ever be exactly like them.

Later in the day I searched the racing news to see how Lady Diana had fared. She was not even placed.

Lord Northcliffe's Letters Home.

Another book on Lord Northcliffe has come out. This last one is the Diary of his World Tour, July 1921—February 1922, and the volume, which includes many of his private letters home, throws more interesting sidelights on this forceful, fascinating personage whose volcanic labours exhausted mind and body—the sword, alas! was too strong for the scabbard.

On the day that this book (which is edited by two of Lord Northcliffe's brothers, Mr. Cecil and Mr. St. John Harmsworth) came out, I happened upon a man—an admirer, but, generally speaking, an opponent of Lord Northcliffe—and he mentioned to me an experience that had left a deep impression upon him.

For some years when visiting New York he has stayed at the hotel which Lord Northcliffe made his headquarters when he was in America doing official war work, and on the occasion of his last visit to the United States. This man was a passenger on the *Aquitania* when Lord Northcliffe made his memorable last voyage on the giant Cunarder. And he happened to be in New York, staying at the hotel referred to, when news came of the death of the great journalist.

"I remember that day so well," he told me. "First the elevator attendant said to me that Lord Northcliffe's death was a sad piece of news, and he went on, 'We were very fond of him here.' Next one of the porters made a similar reference, and he also added, 'We liked him very much here.' When in the hotel restaurant the head waiter came to me—because I am English, I suppose—and also repeated, 'We were very fond here of Lord Northcliffe,' I could not help inquiring if the affection for Lord Northcliffe expressed by the hotel staff was due to great liberality, or something of that sort.

"No," replied the waiter. "Lord Northcliffe did not tip extravagantly. On the whole, he tipped like any ordinary visitor who was well off. It was not his tipping that made us like him. It was because in his dealings with the staff he treated us naturally, just as he would treat his friends. We notice that sort of thing."

"I have always remembered that tribute to Lord Northcliffe," added this travelled Englishman, "because the people who wait on you are pretty sure readers of character."

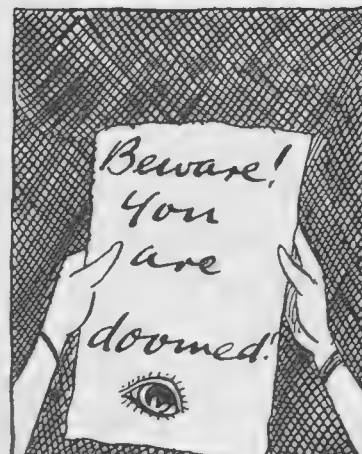


THE EARL OF STRADBROKE'S DAUGHTER AS BRIDE OF A WIRELESS OPERATOR: LADY PLEASANCE McKENNA, FORMERLY LADY PLEASANCE ROUS, AND MR. OWEN McKENNA.

The marriage of Lady Pleasance Elizabeth Rous, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, to Mr. Owen McKenna was a most romantic one. The young couple met on board a P. and O. steamer on a voyage from Australia to India. Mr. McKenna is a wireless operator in the employment of the P. and O. Company, and is the son of a wagon-man at the local colliery of Shotts, Lanarkshire. The marriage took place at Shotts, and the young couple are now on their honeymoon in Ireland. Lord and Lady Stradbroke were not back in England in time for the ceremony, but Lady Stradbroke's present to her daughter was three strings of pearls, which were worn on the wedding day.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

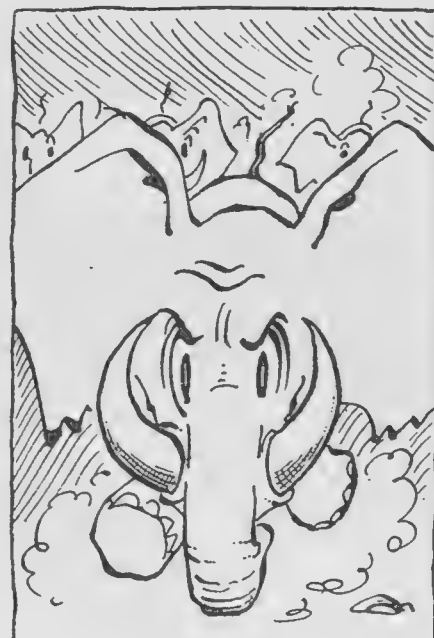
themselves; plenty of robust oaths, but clean, natural talk.

There was no dramatic incident on the journey, no remark that deserves to be quoted was made; but, somehow, being among these men brought back to me more vividly than anything I can remember, these last three



We had more or less become accustomed to the old kind of 'close-up'.

But we shall have to start all over again with these travel films.



D'EGVILLE

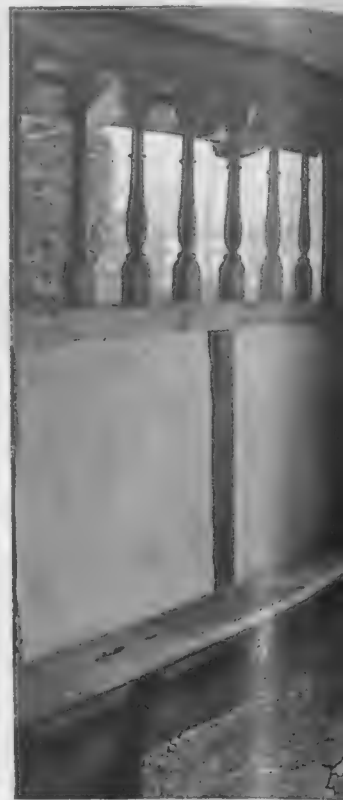
IN WILDEST SCREEN-LAND.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

AT THE OLD MANOR, CHARLWOOD: AT HOME



DRIVING JOAN AND JOHN TO GOLF IN THE TWO-SEATER: MISS GLADYS COOPER.



IN THE OLD-WORLD PORCH OF
OF OUR BEAUTIFUL



WITH HER MRS. BONZO AND THE BONZOLINES: MISS GLADYS
COOPER AND JOAN AND JOHN.



THE VERY GROWN-UP PET LAMB! A GROUP ON THE LAWN
AT THE OLD MANOR.

Miss Gladys Cooper is now recognised as being one of the finest tragic actresses of the day, as well as, perhaps, the most beautiful woman on the English stage. Her performance as Magda, the heroine of the Sudermann play, has added yet another achievement to her credit, and all London is visiting the Playhouse to see her in the rôle made famous by Duse, Bernhardt, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Miss Cooper, who is in private life Mrs. Buckmaster, has a little boy and girl, and spends a good deal of time with them at her beautiful country home, The Old Manor, Charlwood,

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS GLADYS COOPER.



HER COUNTRY HOUSE: A STUDY
TRAGIC ACTRESS.



THE HEROINE OF "MAGDA" AS SHE IS AT HOME: MISS GLADYS COOPER IN THE MORNING ROOM.



THE GARDEN ABLAZE WITH TALL TULIPS AND FORGET-ME-NOT: A STUDY
OF MISS GLADYS COOPER AND HER CHILDREN.



FRAMED IN THE OLD OAK DOORWAY OF HER COUNTRY HOME:
MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Surrey, where the pets include a very full-grown lamb, and a family of puppies, who closely resemble the Studdy Bonzolines. "Sketch" readers will remember that last week we published a page showing Miss Cooper and Joan and John at home; and this week we give a further selection. Miss Cooper is anxious to appear in a dramatised version of Major Geoffrey Moss's successful novel, "Sweet Pepper," and is hoping to get the book adapted by Mr. Channing Pollok, author of "The Sign on the Door," who has recently been on a visit to England.

At Home at West Wycombe Park: a Recent Bride.



ON THE BRIDGE WHICH CROSSES THE LAKE:
LADY DASHWOOD.



GATHERING THE DAFFODILS: LADY DASHWOOD, THE WIFE
OF SIR JOHN DASHWOOD.



ON THE TERRACE AT WEST WYCOMBE:
THE WIFE OF A DIPLOMATIST.



IN A CORNER OF THE FINE LIBRARY: LADY DASHWOOD,
FORMERLY MISS HELEN EATON.

Lady Dashwood is the wife of Sir John Dashwood, tenth Baronet, of West Wycombe Park, Bucks, and is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Eaton and of Mrs. Eaton. She was married in December of last year. Our photographic studies show Lady Dashwood at West

Wycombe Park, her husband's ancestral seat in Buckinghamshire. She and Sir John have been renting a house in town since their marriage, but usually go to West Wycombe Park for the week-ends. Sir John Dashwood is in the Diplomatic Service, and is at present at the Foreign Office.

Photographs by C.P.P.

"Wealth of Ormuz and of Ind."



A JEWEL FROM THE EAST.

DRAWN BY RZEWUSKI.

A Domestic Problem Picture from the Zoo.



PUZZLE—FIND THE FATHER OF THE TWINS.

This drawing by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the well-known humorous animal artist, shows Mme. Monkey with her twins—an unusual occurrence—and has tempted us to label it in the style of a Problem Picture, and ask our

readers if they think they can name the father of these engaging little monklets, without making any mistake. No prize is offered for the solution!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO TAKES THE FLY.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.



HOW THE FASHIONS CAME TO FAIRYLAND

Fashions are not supposed to change in fairyland, and if we met a nymph in the moonlit walks of a garden on one of the velvety nights of June, we should no doubt expect her to be clad in classic draperies cut in the style of those worn by her connections, the sirens, when they sought to lure Ulysses to his doom, or looking the counterpart of those nymphs who were chased by satyrs through Grecian forests and over mountain paths. Perhaps, however, we are wrong, for our artist has inside information as to the behaviour of at least one nymph! It seems that she has made an

AFTER THE PAINTING BY



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL NYMPH.

excursion into Mayfair, just to see what mortal maidens are wearing, and was so fascinated by 1923 fashions that she has curled her hair, pulled on silk stockings and dainty shoes, and decked herself out in an Ascot frock. Her return home to Fairyland created a sensation, and no doubt all her sister nymphs are dressed in styles of the moment by now. In fact, if you only knew it, I expect that half the pretty girls you meet walking in the Park or strolling along Regent Street and Bond Street are really truly fairies in disguise—not modern maidens at all!

CHARLES ROBINSON.

The New Merry Widow of Daly's.



PLAYING THE PART MADE FAMOUS BY MISS LILY ELSIE : MISS EVELYN LAYE.

Miss Evelyn Laye plays Sonia, the title-rôle of "The Merry Widow," the famous comic opera which had such a tremendous success when Miss Lily Elsie first played in it at Daly's Theatre, and which has been revived. The part is, according to Miss Lily Elsie (now Mrs. Ian Bullough), the best rôle ever written for a comic-opera star; and Miss

Evelyn Laye has had a great success with it on tour. She is likely to prove equally popular in London in the part. Miss Laye is a very charming actress and sings delightfully. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1915, and has been seen in a number of very successful London productions.

The English June Who Never Disappoints.



TO BE SEEN AT THE NEW OXFORD IN "LITTLE NELLY KELLY": JUNE—THE ENTRANCING.

June the month has been known to disappoint her admirers, but June the dancer may be trusted to be equally fascinating whenever one sees her. She dances exquisitely, and will be remembered as one of the great attractions of "Phi-Phi," "The Fun of the

Fayre," and other Cochran productions. She will shortly be seen at the New Oxford Theatre in "Little Nelly Kelly," the American musical play, in which Mr. Roy Royston, Miss Anita Elson, and the Forde Sisters are also to appear.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



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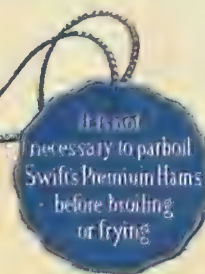
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TALES WITH A STING

THE GREY CELLS OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," and "The Secret Adversary."

XII.—THE CLUE OF THE CHOCOLATE BOX.

IT was a wild night. Outside, the wind howled malevolently, and the rain beat against the windows in great gusts. It was essentially the kind of night when the comforts of the fireside are duly appreciated.

Poirot and I sat facing the hearth, our legs stretched out to the cheerful blaze. Between us was a small table. On my side of it stood some carefully brewed hot toddy; on Poirot's was a cup of thick rich chocolate which I would not have drunk myself for hundreds of pounds. My pipe was ready to my hand. I filled it with loving care and lit it. Leaning back in my chair, and watching the smoke rise through half-closed lids, I breathed a sigh of utter content. Poirot sipped the thick brown mess in the pink china cup, and he too sighed the sigh of those who are at peace with the world.

"*Quelle belle vie!*" he murmured.

"Yes, it's a good old world," I agreed. "Here am I with a job, and a good job, too! And here are you, famous——"

"Oh, *mon ami*," protested Poirot modestly.

"But you are. And rightly so. When I think back on your long line of successes I am positively amazed. I don't believe you know what failure is."

"He would be a droll kind of original who could say that."

"No; but, seriously, *have* you ever failed?"

"Innumerable times, my friend. What would you? *La bonne chance* cannot always be on your side. I have been called in too late. Very often another, working towards the same goal, has arrived there first. Twice have I been stricken down with illness just as I was on the point of success. One must take the downs with the ups, my friend."

"I didn't quite mean that," I said. "I meant, had you ever been completely down and out over a case through your own fault?"

"Ah, I comprehend. You ask if I have ever made the complete prize ass of myself, as you say over here? Once, my friend"—a slow, reflective smile hovered over his face—"yes, once I made a fool of myself."

He sat up suddenly in his chair.

"See here, my friend, you have, I know, kept a record of my little successes. You shall add one more story to the collection—the story of a failure."

He leaned forward and placed a log on the fire. Then, after carefully wiping his hands on a little duster that hung on a nail by the fireplace, he leaned back and commenced his story.

"That of which I tell you took place in Belgium many years ago. It was at the time of the terrible struggle in France between Church and State. M. Paul Déroutard was a French Deputy of note. It was an open secret that the portfolio of a Minister awaited him. He was among the bitterest of the anti-Catholic party, and it was certain that on his accession to power he would have to face violent enmity. He was in many ways a peculiar man. Though he neither drank nor smoked, and though the appointments of his house were simple and austere in the extreme, he was, nevertheless, not so scrupulous in other ways. You comprehend, Hastings, *c'était des femmes—toujours des femmes!*

"He had married some years earlier a young lady from Brussels who had brought him a substantial *dot*. Undoubtedly the

money was useful to him in his career, as his family was not rich—though, on the other hand, he was entitled to call himself M. le Baron if he chose. There were no children of the marriage, and his wife died after two years—the result of a fall downstairs. Amongst the property which his wife bequeathed to him was a house in the Avenue Louise in Brussels. This he did not sell, and he always spent a part of the year in the Belgian capital.

"It was in this house that his sudden death took place, the event coinciding with the resignation of the Minister whose portfolio he was to inherit. All the newspapers printed long notices of his career. His death, which had taken place quite suddenly in the evening after dinner, was attributed to heart failure.

"At that time, *mon ami*, I was, as you know, a member of the Belgian detective force. The death of M. Paul Déroutard was not particularly interesting to me. I am, as you also know, *bon catholique*, and his demise seemed to me both fortunate and providential, so far as I thought about it at all."

"It was some three days afterwards that I received a visit at my own apartments. My vacation had just begun, and I was thinking of a little trip to Spa. I was reading an account of the various sources and the maladies that were benefited thereby when I was informed that a young lady was demanding me. Thinking that it was, perhaps, my little sister Yvonne, I prayed my landlady to make her mount. To my astonishment, the lady who entered the room was a total stranger to me. She was heavily veiled, but was evidently quite young, and I perceived at once that she was a *jeune fille tout à fait comme il faut*."

"You are Monsieur Hercule Poirot?" she asked in a low, sweet voice.

"I bowed.

"Of the Detective Service?"

"Again I bowed. 'Be seated, I pray of you, Mademoiselle,' I said.

"She accepted a chair, and drew aside her veil. Her face was charming, though marred with tears, and haunted as though with some poignant anxiety.

"'Monsieur,' she said, 'I understand that you are now taking a vacation. Therefore you would be free to take up a private case. You understand that I do not wish to call in the police.'

"I shook my head. 'I fear what you ask is impossible, Mademoiselle. Even though on vacation, I am still of the police, you comprehend.'

"She leaned forward. '*Écoutez, Monsieur*; all that I ask of you is to investigate. The result of your investigations you are at perfect liberty to report to the police. If what I believe to be true is true, we shall need all the machinery of the law.'

"That placed a somewhat different complexion on the matter, and I placed myself at her service without more ado.

"A slight colour rose in her cheeks. 'I thank you, Monsieur. It is the death of M. Paul Déroutard that I ask you to investigate.'

"'Comment?' I exclaimed, surprised.

"'Monsieur, I have nothing to go upon—nothing but my woman's instinct; but I am convinced—convinced, I tell you—that M. Déroutard did not die a natural death.'

"'But surely the doctors——'

"'Doctors may be mistaken. He was so robust, so strong—ah, Monsieur Poirot, I beseech you to help me!'

"The poor child was almost beside herself. She would have knelt to me. I soothed her as best I could.

"'I will help you, Mademoiselle. I feel almost sure that your fears are unfounded, but we will see. First, I will ask you to describe to me the inmates of the house.'

"'There are the domestics, of course—Jeannette, Félicie, and Denise the cook. She has been there many years; the others are simple country girls. Also there is François; but he, too, is an old servant. Then there is Monsieur Déroutard's mother, who lives with him, and myself. My name is Virginie Mesnard. I am a poor cousin of the late Madame Déroutard, M. Paul's wife, and I have been a member of their *ménage* for over three years. I have now described to you the household. There were also two guests staying in the house.'

"'And they were?'

"'M. de Saint Alard, a neighbour of M. Déroutard's in France. Also an English friend, Mr. John Wilson.'

"'Are they still with you?'

"'Mr. Wilson, yes; but M. de Saint Alard departed yesterday.'

"'And what is your plan, Mlle. Mesnard?'

"'If you will present yourself at the house in half-an-hour's time I will have arranged some story to account for your presence. I had better represent you to be connected with journalism in some way. I shall say you have come from Paris, and that you have brought a card of introduction from M. de Saint Alard. Mme. Déroutard is in very feeble health, and will pay little attention to details.'

"On Mademoiselle's ingenious pretext I was admitted to the house, and after a brief interview with the dead Deputy's mother—who was a wonderfully imposing and aristocratic figure, though obviously in failing health—I was made free of the premises."

Poirot paused in his narrative, drank off the remainder of his fast-cooling chocolate at a draught, and wiped his lips delicately.

"I wonder, my friend, whether you can possibly figure to yourself the difficulties of my task? Here was a man whose death had taken place three days previously. If there had been foul play, only one possibility was admissible—*poison*. And I had had no chance of seeing the body, and there was no possibility of examining, or analysing, any medium in which the poison could have been administered. There were no clues, false or otherwise, to consider. Had the man been poisoned? Had he died a natural death? I, Hercule Poirot, with nothing to help me, had to decide.

"First, I interviewed the domestics, and with their aid I recapitulated the evening. I paid especial notice to the food at dinner and the method of serving it. The soup had been served by M. Déroutard himself from a tureen. Next a dish of cutlets. Then a chicken. Finally a compote of fruits. And all placed on the table and served by Monsieur himself. The coffee was brought in a big pot to the dinner table. Nothing there, *mon ami*—impossible to poison one person without poisoning all!

"After dinner Mme. Déroutard had retired

[Continued overleaf,

(Continued.)

to her own apartments, and Mlle. Virginie had accompanied her. The three men had adjourned to M. Déroutard's study. Here they had chatted amicably for some time, when suddenly, without any warning, the Deputy had fallen heavily to the ground. M. de Saint Alard had rushed out and told François to fetch a doctor immediately. 'He said it was without doubt an apoplexy,' explained the man. But when the doctor arrived the patient was past help.

"Mr. John Wilson, to whom I was presented by Mlle. Virginie, was what was known in those days as a regular 'John Bull Englishman'—middle-aged and burly. His account, delivered in very British French, was substantially the same.

"Déroutard went very red in the face, and down he fell. A fit of some kind, I thought."

"There was nothing further to be found out there. Next I went to the scene of the tragedy—the study—and was left alone there at my own request. So far there was nothing to support Mlle. Mesnard's theory. I could not but believe that it was a delusion on her part. Evidently she had entertained a romantic passion for the dead man which had not permitted her to take a normal view of the case. Nevertheless, I searched the study with meticulous care. It was just possible that a hypodermic needle might have been introduced into the dead man's chair in such a way as to allow of a fatal injection. The minute puncture it would cause was likely to remain unnoticed. But I could discover no sign to support that theory. I flung myself down in the chair with a gesture of despair.

"*Enfin*, I abandon it!" I said aloud. 'There is not a clue anywhere. Everything is perfectly normal.'

"As I said the words my eyes fell on a large box of chocolates standing on a table near by, and my heart gave a leap. It might not be a clue to M. Déroutard's death, but here at least was something that was *not* normal. I lifted the lid. The box was full, untouched; not a chocolate was missing—but that only made the peculiarity that had caught my eye more striking. For see you, Hastings, while the box itself was *pink*, the lid was *blue*. Now one often sees a blue ribbon on a pink box, and vice-versa; but a box of one colour and a lid of another, no decidedly—*ça ne se voit jamais*!

"I did not as yet see that this little incident was of any use to me, yet I determined to investigate it as being out of the ordinary. I rang the bell for François, and asked him if his late master had been fond of sweets. A faint, melancholy smile came to his lips.

"Passionately fond of them, Monsieur. He would always have a box of chocolates in the house. He did not drink wine of any kind, you see."

"Yet this box has not been touched?" I lifted the lid to show him.

"Pardon, Monsieur, but that was a new box, purchased on the day of his death, the other being nearly finished."

"Then the other box was finished on the day of his death?" I said slowly.

"Yes, Monsieur; I found it empty in the morning, and threw it away."

"Did M. Déroutard eat sweets at all hours of the day?"

"Usually after dinner, Monsieur."

"I began to see light."

"François," I said. 'You can be discreet?'

"If there is need, Monsieur."

"Bon. Know, then, that I am of the police. Can you find me that other box?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur. It will be in the dustbin."

"He departed, and returned in a few minutes with a dust-covered object. It was the duplicate of the box I held, save for the fact that this time the box was *blue* and the

lid *pink*. I thanked François, recommended him once more to be discreet, and left the house in the Avenue Louise without more ado.

"Next I called upon the doctor who had attended M. Déroutard. With him I had a difficult task. He entrenched himself prettily behind a wall of learned phraseology; but I fancied that he was not quite as sure about the case as he would like to be.

"There have been many curious occurrences of the kind," he observed, when I had managed to disarm him somewhat. 'A sudden fit of anger, a violent emotion—after a heavy dinner, *c'est entendu*—then, with an access of rage, the blood flies to the head, and—pst!—there you are!'

"But M. Déroutard had had no violent emotion."

"No? I made sure that he had been having a stormy altercation with M. de Saint Alard."

"Why should he?"

"*C'est évident!*" The doctor shrugged his shoulders. 'Was not M. de Saint Alard a Catholic of the most fanatical? Their friendship was being ruined by this question of Church and State. Not a day passed without discussions. To M. de Saint Alard, Déroutard appeared almost as Antichrist.'

"This was unexpected, and gave me food for thought."

"One more question, Doctor; would it be possible to introduce a fatal dose of poison into a chocolate?"

"It would be possible, I suppose," said the doctor slowly. 'Pure prussic acid would meet the case if there were no chance of evaporation, and a tiny globule of anything might be swallowed unnoticed—but it does not seem a very likely supposition. A chocolate full of morphine or strychnine—he made a wry face. 'You comprehend, M. Poirot—one bite would be enough! The unwary one would not stand upon ceremony.'

"Thank you, M. le docteur."

"I withdrew. Next I made inquiries of the chemists, especially those in the neighbourhood of the Avenue Louise. It is good to be of the police. I got the information I wanted without any trouble. Only in one case could I hear of any poison having been supplied to the house in question. These were some eyedrops of atropine sulphate for Madame Déroutard. Atropine is a potent poison, and for the moment I was elated; but the symptoms of atropine poisoning are closely allied to those of ptomaine, and bore no resemblance to those I was studying. Besides, the prescription was an old one. Madame Déroutard had suffered from cataract in both eyes for many years.

"I was turning away discouraged when the chemist's voice called me back.

"Un moment, M. Poirot. I remember, the girl who brought that prescription, she said something about having to go on to the English chemist. You might try there."

"I did. Once more enforcing my official status, I got the information I wanted. On the day before, M. Déroutard's death they had made up a prescription for Mr. John Wilson. Not that there was any making up about it. They were simply little tablets of trinitrin. I asked if I might see some. He showed me them, and my heart beat faster—for the tiny tablets were of *chocolate*.

"It is a poison?" I asked.

"No, Monsieur."

"Can you describe to me its effect?"

"It lowers the blood pressure. It's given for some forms of heart trouble—angina pectoris, for instance. It relieves the arterial tension. In arterio sclerosis—"

"I interrupted him. 'Ma foi! This rigmarole says nothing to me. Does it cause the face to flush?'

"Certainly it does."

"And supposing I ate ten—twenty—of your little tablets, what then?"

"I should not advise you to attempt it," he replied drily.

"And yet you say it is not a poison?"

"There are many things not called poison which can kill a man," he replied as before. "I left the shop elated. At last, things had begun to march!"

"But the whole thing was solved," I cried. "You knew then that it was John Wilson who had committed the crime."

"As usual, Hastings, you speak without reflection. I knew that John Wilson held the means for the crime—but what about the motive? He had come to Belgium on business, and had asked M. Déroutard, whom he knew slightly, to put him up. There was apparently no way in which Déroutard's death could benefit him. Moreover, I discovered by inquiries in England that he had suffered for some years from that painful form of heart disease known as angina. Therefore, he had a genuine right to have those tablets in his possession. Nevertheless, I was convinced that someone had gone to the chocolate box, opening the full one first by mistake, and had abstracted the contents of the last chocolate, cramming in instead as many little trinitrin tablets as it would hold. The chocolates were large ones. Between twenty and thirty tablets, I felt sure, could have been inserted. But who had done this?"

"There were two guests in the house. John Wilson had the means. Saint Alard had the motive. Remember, he was a fanatic, and there is no fanatic like a religious fanatic. Could he, by any means, have got hold of John Wilson's trinitrin?"

"Another little idea came to me. (Aha! You smile at my 'little ideas'!) Why had Wilson run out of trinitrin? Surely he would bring an adequate supply from England. I called once more at the house in the Avenue Louise. Wilson was out, but I saw the girl who did his room, Félicie. I demanded of her immediately whether it was not true that M. Wilson had lost a bottle from his wash-stand some little time ago. The girl responded eagerly. It was quite true. She, Félicie, had been blamed for it. The English gentleman had evidently thought that she had broken it, and did not like to say so; whereas she had never even touched it. Without doubt it was Jeannette—always nosing round where she had no business to be. . . .

"I calmed the flow of words and took my leave. I knew now all that I wanted to know. It remained for me to prove my case. That, I felt, would not be easy. I might be sure that Saint Alard had removed the bottle of trinitrin from John Wilson's wash-stand; but to convince others, I would have to produce evidence. And I had none to produce!

"Never mind. I *knew*—that was the great thing. You remember our difficulty in the Styles case, Hastings? There again, I *knew*—but it took me a long time to find the last link which made my chain of evidence against the murderer complete."

"I asked for an interview with Mademoiselle Mesnard. She came at once. I demanded of her the address of M. de Saint Alard. A look of trouble came over her face."

"Why do you want it, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle, it is necessary."

"She seemed doubtful—troubled."

"He can tell you nothing. He is a man whose thoughts are not in this world. He hardly notices what goes on around him."

"Possibly, Mademoiselle. Nevertheless, he was an old friend of M. Déroutard's. There may be things he can tell me—things of the past—old grudges—old love affairs."

"The girl flushed and bit her lip. 'As you please; but—but—I feel sure now that I have been mistaken. It was good of you to accede to my demand, but I was upset—"

(Continued on page x.vii.)

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT · 1923

No. XLIV. The National Opera.



HEARD IN THE NEW OPERA, "THE PERFECT FOOL," AT COVENT GARDEN : MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

Miss Maggie Teyte is one of the prima-donnas of the British National Opera Company's season at Covent Garden, and was heard in Mr. Gustav Holst's new opera, "The Perfect Fool," on the opening night, and in "Madame Butterfly" and other leading rôles last week. She is a delightful artist, and the purity and freshness of her

voice renders her singing quite enchanting. It will be remembered that she made her first appearance in Grand Opera in 1910 at His Majesty's, with the Beecham Opera Company, and has frequently been heard at Covent Garden. She has also sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in Chicago and Philadelphia.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. XLV. "NED



THE OLD COACHING DAYS: DR. DRURY, DIRECTOR OF DRURY LANE (MR. WILLIAM FARREN), ARRIVES AT TIVERTON.



EDMUND KEAN WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN ON TOUR: MR. H. A. AND MISS



AFTER HIS TRIUMPH AS SHYLOCK: EDMUND KEAN AMID THE ACTORS AT DRURY LANE.



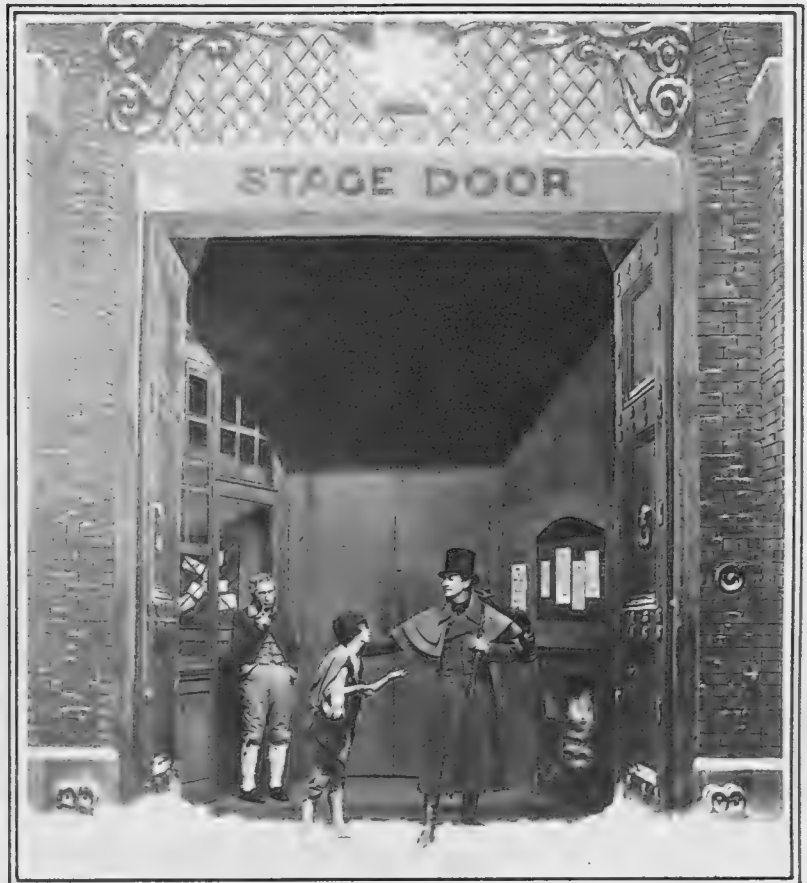
THE EARL OF ESSEX AND MRS. HALLATT AND MISS

The Romance of the Life of Edmund Kean, the great actor whose name is so closely associated with Drury Lane Theatre, has been dramatised by Mr. Arthur Shirley. Kean married when young, and he and his wife and two children, Howard and Charles, tramped the country playing in tap-rooms and barns, and even by the wayside. The story of how Dr. Drury, of Drury Lane, finds Kean, and promises to give him his chance to play before the Earl of Essex, is told in the drama. In the interval, Howard Kean, the delicate elder boy, who alone believes in his father's genius, dies, after Kean has danced to him in his harlequin's dress. When the actor is called on to perform before Lord Essex, he almost misses

KEAN OF OLD DRURY," AT DRURY LANE.



SAINTSBURY, MISS LOUISE REGNIS, MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI,
VIOLET AUBERT.



KEAN BEFORE HIS GREAT CHANCE: THE ARRIVAL AT THE STAGE DOOR
OF OLD DRURY.



DAVID GARRICK: MR. HENRY
AIDÉE WRIGHT.



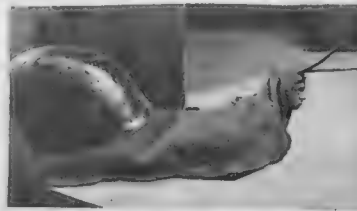
HARLEQUIN MOURNS THE LOSS OF HIS CHILD: KEAN (MR. H. SAINTSBURY) BY THE DEATH-BED
OF HOWARD KEAN (MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI).

his chance, as he is in a drunken frenzy, but finally pulls himself together, and wins the opportunity to play Shylock at Drury Lane. No actual performance on the stage is given, but the play shows Kean's arrival at the stage door, and his triumph behind the scenes. Finally, the action moves to Kean's lodgings, where he tells his wife of his triumph, and there is an invasion of Drury Lane habitués, headed by Lord Byron, and completed by the aged Mrs. David Garrick, who greets Kean as the man who will wear the mantle of Little Davy. Mr. Saintsbury, who plays the leading rôle, and many of the other artists, appeared in the London production of the piece in 1920.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. XLVI.



THE BUTTERFLIES—MALE AND FEMALE.



THE LARVA.



THE FLAPPER BUTTERFLY AND THE SOLDIER BUTTERFLY.



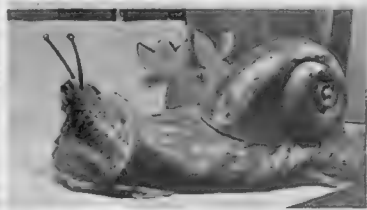
ONE OF THE MAYFLIES.

"The Insect Play," at the Regent, has roused so much interest that we are giving further photographs of the strange animals which appear in the English adaptation of the curious satire by the Capek Brothers. The costumes of the insects are all symbolic, so as to be in keeping with the philosophic idea which underlies the drama, each section of the insect world being intended to point to some horrible failing of modern humanity, and to satirise it. The Butterflies, male and female, represent the light loves and lack of moral ballast to which we mortals are prone; the Chrysalis, the "futility" of our brief life as imagined by the Capeks, for throughout the play she prophesies the great things she will achieve

"THE INSECT PLAY," AT THE REGENT.



THE CHRYSALIS.



THE MAYFLIES.



THE POET BUTTERFLY.



THE VAMP BUTTERFLY.

when she has shed her cocoon; but when at last she breaks her bonds, it is to appear as a Mayfly, with but an hour to live. The Larva is the horrible child of the "financier" Ichneumon Fly, and is the cause of her father's ruthless depredations. He will sacrifice everything and everyone for his offspring; but in the end, the Larva is devoured by the Parasite. The photographs on our pages show some of the characters in "The Insect Play," including the two Snails; but there are many others, notably the Beetles, who symbolise the money-grubbing materialists; the Crickets, who represent the small man and his wife; and the Ants, who tell of Militarism.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY," AT DRURY LANE.

OLD DRURY was itself again! The play recalled glorious memories of the past. Enthusiasm was in the air, and eventually shook the walls. We were all ready and eager for a success, and when it came—as we knew it would come from the first moment when the curtain rose on Merrie England of the Maypole, the coach-and-four, the mummers, and "broker" with summons, cocked hat, and wand—we rejoiced that two Englishmen good and true had come into their kingdom.

For dear old Arthur Shirley, father of a hundred plays, the last of the brigade that wrote melodrama for the people, has at length found the home he deserves. "Ned Kean" is melodrama of the kind that stirs and kindles, that makes for laughter and for tears, that appeals even to the higher browed—maybe the blasé—because it is so sincere, so archaic in sentiment, and so simply human in its purpose.

H. A. Saintsbury, too, deserved his welcome. For years this gifted actor has worked for fame, for years he fought for his little place in the sun; some of his creations—such as Sherlock Holmes and Lone Wolf—would have long since established the London reputation of any actor; but Saintsbury is one of those who, like Jacob, had to wait and wait again. But now he has made a triumphant entry; and although, rightly and modestly, in his curtain speech he disarmed criticism by saying that he dared not emulate the genius of Kean, his portrayal will be remembered as a work with a heart and a soul. Within an ace it was a great performance; but, splendid elocutionist as he is, splendid actor too, he just lacks the great vibration germane to genius. He excites great admiration sometimes, as in the scene when Kean dances a harlequinade to his dying child—a very clever scene of contrast this—he moves us, but we miss just that perpetual dynamic current which is the rarest gift of the actor.

The play is straightforward, robust, telling; we have here the mummer's life—in the days of "rogues and vagabonds"—in all its phases: the struggle for bread; the fanfaronade to attract the people; the sadness in the bosom of the family; the eloquence propelled by the bottle; the defiance of authority; the watchful protector; the sudden rousing from the slough of despond by the call of chance; the coming of the greater glory; the envy of the old *cabotins* of the newcomer; the prediction of failure; at length the great evening, and a life of fame achieved in the short span of three hours; the apotheosis by admirers and detractors alike, with a kind of consecration by the great Garrick's widow offering him her husband's stage jewels for remembrance—this last phase an exquisite morsel of oratory in the entrancing voice of our great actress, Miss Haidée Wright.

Full of sentiment, leavened with humour of the kind the gods love, richly studded with Shakespearean quotations, the play never allowed our interest to flag. And there was at least one scene that should commend itself to all playgoers and players alike: it was when Kean, to prove the difficulty of the art of acting—the variety of the many demands of the art on one man's gifts—in lightning transition ran through a gamut of Shakespearean fragments from low-comedy to tragedy. Then we thought of Hamlet's harangue to the Players—which was a compliment to Arthur Shirley; then we were carried away by the brilliant craftsmanship of H. A. Saintsbury, which made each fragment stand out in spontaneous distinction.

II.

THE FILM AS EMPIRE PROPAGANDIST.

IF it were my duty to recommend names for the List of Honour, I would respectfully submit three names—Lowell Thomas, Dugmore, and Ratcliffe Holmes.

These men are doing more for the Empire than politicians and books. They, at the risk of life, to say nothing of capital, teach us what we have, what

we should honour, where lies the future and the scope for the young generation—perhaps the cure for that unemployment which is the everlasting complaint amongst us.

For here as true as life we see the wonders, the treasures, the vastness of that colossal Empire of India held for the Crown by a comparative handful of men—a living monument of British supremacy and the gift of colonisation which, except by the Dutch, has never been attained by any other nation. Here is the view of the rapid development of East Africa; we behold how speedily British pluck and plough and spade, to crystallise the system in simile, convert the wilderness into civilisation, and render the natives amenable to a régime of reason rather than force.

The pictures themselves, bursting into the mediocrity of our home-made films, will do much to redeem

To us of the older generation these imaginary incursions into our far-away domains are as rejuvenescent as iodine fighting arthritis: we feel young, proud, excited; we wish that youth came back to us to join up and do our bit for the realm. To the young they are elevating beyond all the narratives of travellers and books of adventure. For here they are not only onlookers, they are partners in the great game of colonisation; and one would give much, to know exactly what is going on in the excited brain of these youngsters, gaping, shouting, clapping, jubiling at the endless coil of pictures of life, nature, beasts, strife, progress, harmony between black and white, unrolling before their wondering eyes.

Go to "Wildest Africa," to "India," go to the "Wild Beasts" at the Pavilion and at the Polytechnic. There is no entertainment like it; there is no better stimulant to the "jaded palate"; there is no rostrum or pulpit more eloquent in its appeal to patriotism.

III.

"HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

IF Molière had not written "Le Malade Imaginaire," we should say deucedly clever idea that of a stalwart man masquerading as an old dodderer because an idiotic will (such as is known only on the stage) forces a girl to marry a certain person lest the shekels go elsewhere. But Molière has treated this game of simulation for all time, and all we can say about Mr. Paulton's little play is that it has funny moments, and would have been even more amusing if the ladies had equalled the men in vivacity and skill. But neither Miss Edna Best nor Miss Ena Grossmith was happily chosen. Both lack the experience to make wild farce go, and Miss Best's somewhat hard voice never allows her love scenes to rise to warmth. She has a great deal to learn—among other things, to be a party to the action when she has nothing to say, for she betokens no interest when she is not directly concerned in the dialogue, and in conversation she all too often talks into the stalls instead of addressing her partner. Miss Grossmith is still rather *gauche*; when she has a precipitated exit she makes such efforts that all semblance of naturalness disappears. And Chapter Two of acting farce is to appear to be natural in the most impossible circumstances. Now, Mr. Tully, especially in the scenes where he is a chair-ridden old fossil of seventy-eight, understands this well enough; he was so amusing in the make-believe that we almost preferred it to his pleasant young personality which seemed vainly busy trying to make bricks without straw. In a sense, this also applies to Mr. A. E. Matthews, that capital comedian, who had to amble through the play with his hands in his pockets, and not very much to do. Mr. George Elton, with the gift of characterisation at his fingers' ends, did wonders with the small part of a dry and sly male nurse conspiring with the hero to carry through the hide-and-seek play of age and youth. His facial expressions were always a study, and his quaint, drawn, almost indifferent way of saying things was infectiously humorous, without ever obtruding itself. Why such an actor should always be relegated to second-rate parts is beyond my comprehension.

The play itself has one good act, and two of no consequence; it is saved by the dialogue, which nimbly jumps from pillar to post, and now and again flares up in witticisms that go home. Mr. Paulton has to a certain extent inherited the gift of his father—still remembered as the author of "Niobe," and as a comedian second to none in the portrayal of "farical agonies." But next time, Mr. Paulton must seek a better central idea than a testamentary stipulation beyond all likelihood and credence. For the success of a farce depends on a notion which is so plausible that the public is taken in and puzzled until the end. In "Her Temporary Husband" we knew from the first scene what would happen. There was really not enough in it to go round beyond a curtain-raiser.



THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO IS
GIVING A SHORT SEASON AT THE NEW
OXFORD: SIGNORA DUSE.

The short season which Signora Duse is giving consists of six matinées, the first of which takes place on June 7. She will be seen at the first matinée either in Ibsen's "Ghosts" or "Riders to the Sea," and at one of the subsequent performances will appear in a new Italian play in which she had a great success in Florence. She has not acted in London for seventeen years.—[Photograph by Stanley's Press Agency.]

the craft's reputation. As photography, they can, in instances, vie with the finest America has shown: in selection they are very informing, highly educational without ever being didactic in the academic sense of the word; as proof of human resource, perseverance, courage, defiance of obstacles by men, beasts and elements, they merit the same praise of heroism as we bestowed on the glorious men that won the war. These explorers by camera have braved a thousand perils in the fulfilment of their mission.

Lucy Lockett in Private Life.



ONE OF THE STARS OF THE PERENNIAL SUCCESS: MISS VIOLET MARQUESITA,
OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

Miss Violet Marquesita, the charming actress who sings Lucy Lockett in "The Beggar's Opera," which is still continuing its long and successful career at Hammersmith, makes a very fascinating figure in her full-skirted eighteenth-century costume; but her many admirers may also like

to have the opportunity of seeing that Miss Marquesita looks equally charming as a 1923 lady as she does as one of Mr. Gay's creations. This is her latest photograph, showing her as she appears in private life.—[Portrait Study by Bertram Park.]

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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton."

This is a fine book. It is the sort of book that I would give to a schoolboy for a prize, to a young man on the threshold of his career, to a man in the full flood of life, who is beginning to grow a little weary of the struggle. I would call it a sermon but for the sad fact that most sermons are so dull. It is a tonic sermon. It is a vitaliser—a cocktail with no pernicious after-effects.

You will gather that I approve of the book. I do, very heartily. There is no gush in it. There is no pretence that Shackleton was the greatest man that ever lived. There is no nonsense about his invaluable contributions to scientific knowledge. Mr. Hugh Mill, the author of the book, knew his Shackleton just as, I believe, he knew his Scott. He understood the force that drove [these men] to the perils, the privations, the terrible hardships of the Antarctic.

What was it? Many excellent people are sorely puzzled by Arctic explorers. They say: "What does it matter whether the Pole is discovered or not? Why go to all this trouble and expense about the beastly Pole? Now they've found them both they can't do anything with them! What's the good of having your toes frozen off looking for a thing that is utterly useless when you have found it?"

Why Shackleton Went.

Well, I think I could have answered the question before I read this book, but the author shall answer it for you with much greater authority. He says:

"To Shackleton the National Antarctic Expedition was an opportunity and nothing more. He would have tried to join just as eagerly a ship bound to seek buried treasure on the Spanish Main, or to scour the Atlantic in search of the Island of St. Brendan. He had no natural affinity for the Polar regions, no genius for scientific research; but an overmastering passion possessed him, and raised his whole being on a wave of ambition which carried him to, and far beyond, the single goal he had in view. Before the expedition sailed he knew that his object was accomplished; the understanding between him and Miss Emily Dorman was complete, and her father's approval was secured. But his nature was such that he had to convince himself that he was worthy of the bliss beyond the voyage by excelling in every branch of the work before him, and laying the foundations on which in due time he would build an everlasting name for himself—and for her." The depth and intensity of his feelings were hidden from the world, except the few kindred souls who could interpret the vibrant tones of his rich, low voice in quoting from

his favourite authors; no others guessed the motive power of the terrific activity and high spirits which marked him as the busiest and happiest amongst the busy and happy crowd on board the *Discovery*."

The Explorer's Love Story.

All through this sympathetic book runs the golden thread of Shackleton's love story. Have you ever found time to ponder on what it must mean to be the wife of a Polar explorer? Nothing else in this world can be akin to it. Women said goodbye to their husbands and saw them off to France during the Great War; but there was always, shining through the agony, the knowledge that they were not beyond reach

land of ice; that, at the best, his sufferings will be so awful that nobody can fully understand them except those who have lived through a similar experience; that the chances are he will never return; that, even if the worst should befall, no sound or message will come to her from that wilderness of ice and blizzards and darkness.

More than that. She knows that, should he return, sooner or later he will go again. The fascination of that great adventure is not to be resisted. The ties of home are sweet for a while, but they will never satisfy the man who has communed with God in the fearful quietude of the Arctic night. All that makes doubly romantic the true romance of Shackleton's marriage.

The First Meeting.

"He was at home for his birthday for the first time in eight years. Then he was off again to Saigon in Cochin-China, with a pleasant lot of passengers; but the work was growing harder, and his prospects, if he stayed with the company, less bright; in fact, he felt the restlessness that was always with him the precursor of change. All the way home he pondered on what the next thing was to be. He thought that he would change his ship for a better; but when he reached Sydenham in the height of the rose-season of 1897, he made a discovery which drove the thought of ships from his mind. In the drawing-room of Aberdeen House he was introduced to his sister's friend, Miss Emily Dorman, and if they did not fall in love at first sight when their eyes met, they became instantaneously such true friends that the world was changed.

"In the few weeks ashore the new friendship left no time in which to seek a new ship. He had to sail in the *Flintshire* on July 17 for seven long months; east to Japan, across the Pacific to Portland, Oregon, and home by Coronel and St. Vincent, with an aggravating detour to Marseilles. But on this voyage there was now a nucleus round which his poetic fancies grouped themselves in the night watches under the stars."

Shackleton as a Journalist.

It was rather strange that these poetic fancies should lead him to journalism. After the Antarctic—Henrietta Street! For Shackleton was always battling with the horrible business of money. Even heroes must have money if they want to marry the one girl in the world; and if they have no money of their own they must get some from somewhere, and if they want to live in England they must get it out of England. A polar explorer, in such circumstances, is badly fixed. It is obvious that you cannot do much exploration

in England. You may talk about your previous triumphs, and make money for a time at that; but the subject will pall, sooner or later, and Shackleton, anyway, had the habit of giving the proceeds of his lectures to charity.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: SIR JAMES STEVENSON, BT., G.C.M.G.; AN ACADEMY PORTRAIT BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.

One of the many interesting portraits in the Royal Academy this year is that of Sir James Stevenson, Bt., G.C.M.G., by Solomon J. Solomon. Sir James Stevenson has been described as the greatest unpaid servant of the State. He has served as a member of the Munitions Council, the Army Council, and the Air Council. He is personal adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and has recently accepted the Vice-Chairmanship of the British Empire Exhibition, and is acting as Chairman of the Administrative Board of that great Imperial project. A Solomon portrait of Lady Stevenson, who is a sister of Lady (Arthur) Pearson, is also on view at Burlington House.

The copyright of this picture is strictly reserved for the Artist or Owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., Publishers of "The Royal Academy Illustrated."

of the post and the telegraph, that the odds were in their favour, that the eyes of the whole world were on them.

The woman whose husband is going to the Arctic or the Antarctic knows that a terrible silence will descend when he passes into the

(Continued.)

So he became, of all things, a journalist. The late Sir Arthur Pearson, that gentle, brilliant, and brave soul, took an interest in the young explorer—as who did not?—and found a job for him as sub-editor of the *Royal Magazine*!

"During the autumn of 1903 he was attending daily, with a scrupulous exactitude as to hours, at Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He took to the life with infinite zest, and in a very short time he endeared himself to the whole staff of the office, for



A FINE DOG: MISS V. METCALFE WITH HER CHOW PETER OF ROWFORD.

The Ladies' Kennel Association Show in Richmond Park drew a big entry of beautiful animals. Peter of Rowford, the Chow owned by Miss V. Metcalfe, is a winner of many first prizes.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

they recognised in him not the sort of man who usually wrote things, but a living specimen of the sort of man they were always writing about—the man who did things."

The Explorer Married.

So Shackleton was married, and those of us who have had the honour and pleasure of meeting the lady of his love will read with delight, tempered with sorrow, the description of their home in Edinburgh:

"The newly-married pair spent Sunday in Peterborough, and on Monday evening they were home and enjoying a 'glorious picnic' in their little house, 14, South Learmouth Gardens, Edinburgh, indifferent to the fact that the electric lighting was not in order, and rejoicing that the new servants had not yet arrived. The house is situated at the extreme north-west of Edinburgh, not a house beyond it, and it looks straight across the fields to Fettes College, and beyond it to the Firth of Forth and the coast of Fife, with the twin peaks of the Lomond Hills and the long ridge of the Ochils, over which in clear weather one can sometimes catch a glimpse of the dim, blue buttresses of the Highlands.

"Mrs. Shackleton brought not only the charm of her personality to the help of her husband in his new position, but also introductions from old friends, which opened every door and ensured a welcome from the most exclusive circle of social life in Edinburgh."

Two little extracts from private letters must complete our tiny survey of this charming but pathetic idyll:

Here is the first:

"Honestly and truly, parting from you was the worst heart-aching moment of my life. If I failed to get to the Pole and was within ten miles and had to turn back, it would or will not mean so much sadness as was compressed into those few minutes."

And here the second:

"I can never, never put into words all you meant to me that day standing on Dover Pier, and all it has meant to me ever since . . . for you care for me to the height of letting me go to fulfil my destiny."

The public career of Shackleton is known to all the world. The ambition of his life was never realised, and that must always be bitter to a man of his temperament. But he went on fighting—partly because it was his nature to fight, partly because he had to fight for the means of existence.

That seems to me the real tragedy—that a man of such daring, of such splendid spirit, should be handicapped by lack of money, when money was being wasted on all sides of him just as it is being wasted at this moment. Of his last expedition of all his biographer writes:

"Only the best of good fortune could possibly make the expedition a full success; every day was required to reach Cape Town in time for the attack on the Enderby Quadrant. Only the best weather could enable so small a vessel, so hastily equipped, to cross the great stretches of the ocean without loss or damage to the complicated gear crowded on board her. Shackleton had never left home with more odds against success in his adventure; he knew the risk, but he saw the one chance and ventured it."

"Time is Whispering."

What a lot women know about eyes! A man looks at a girl's eyes and says to himself—possibly, later, to her—that they are beautiful, or pretty, or wicked, or blue, or large, or mocking, or—something of that sort. But women have made a deep and learned study of eyes. Just hear Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is claimed by the highbrows, on the eyes of the elderly gentleman who was furious with his agent for letting the house that adjoined his property to a woman!

"Unconsciously as she crouched there, on

her heels, she was still waiting. Waiting for him to look her full in the face again, that she might verify what she had discovered when he met the level sunlight that instant before she yielded up the trowel. It was then, for the first time, so far as she could remember, that the man's eyes were neither averted nor shadowed by a hat pulled down nearly to the eyebrows. She was able to fathom a distinctive quality in Ellerton's otherwise remarkable eyes. That dark outer ring round the iris was not what she had heard someone call the *arcus senilis*. She had seen that in her old mother. But here was no furring of the edges of the rim, no more blurring in its blackness than in the light blue of the rest of the iris. She was sure that Ellerton's face had been like that as a child. In the clear sallow of the face, the nearly black eyelashes and eyebrows showed strongly. They repeated the note of those touches of darkness where his chalk-white hair met the sunburnt neck."

Love and Lavender.

Well, there they were, antagonists, in a quiet country place, with a mutual love of lavender and tulips and all the other lovely things that grow in real gardens. What was to happen? You think you know what happened, and I daresay you do; but you have not the slightest idea of the amount of conversation—oh, very excellent and well-turned conversation—to which it led.

The lady had a son, you see, and young gentlemen of this kind cannot conceive why anyone should exist at all after the age of, say, forty—still less why they should have the

impertinence to contemplate a little more happiness here below.

It is all finely done, of course. I doubt whether it will appeal to the library bee who flaps; but the older and steadier bees will see themselves in these two presumptuous elders, and that will keep their interest going to the last page. Nothing like getting your readers to identify themselves with your characters.

"The Commandment of Moses."

This will make you rub your eyes. You will hardly know what to say or which way to look. You will be almost ashamed for the younger school of smart novelists. No sooner had the Seventh Commandment been killed and buried under loads of rippling scorn than Mr. Stephen McKenna, of all people, digs it up again and makes a whole novel about it! Years ago people used to ask, "What are we coming to?" Now the same people will demand with irritation, "What are we coming back to?"

I blush to tell you the simplicity of this old-fashioned plot. Joan Prendergast had lived with a married man as his wife during the early part of the war. As commonplace as that. The man was killed, and another man fell in love with her, and she eventually, after a fitting interval, with him. Now comes the resuscitated problem. Should a girl tell?

You will think I am joking. All right, listen!

"She's not in love with Jack. . . . My dear, she told me so, and I'm ready to believe it. You see, she can't have it both ways: she defends herself for . . . committing adultery with him by saying it was the one great passion of her life; she can't have a second, so she tells me that Jack fell in love with her, and she was so lonely, poor darling, that she allowed him to make a fuss of her."

There you have the kernel of the whole story. Even the dots are the author's, and I have been careful to give the exact number.



AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW AT RICHMOND: MRS. R. SCOTT'S SAMOYEDS.

Photograph by L.N.A.

But you will admit it is a startling thing to come across the word "adultery" in the latest novel of an ultra-smart novelist.

The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton. By Hugh R. Mill. (Heinemann; 21s. net.)

Time is Whispering. By Elizabeth Robins. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Commandment of Moses. By Stephen McKenna. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)



More Smiles To-day

More pretty teeth—due to combating film

Have you noted how many people nowadays are showing pretty teeth? And that most pictures now show an open smile?

No one who watches need be told that a new dental era has begun. Millions of people, nearly all the world over, are now fighting film on teeth.

Why teeth are dingy

Up to five years ago, most people's teeth were clouded by a film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays there. Food stains, etc., will discolour film. Then, unless removed, you will note dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. Old ways of brushing did not effectively combat it. So, despite all care, most people's teeth were coated more or less. And tooth troubles were constantly increasing.

Now this is changed

Dental science has now met this situation. After years of research, two effective film combatants have been found. One acts to curdle film. One acts to remove it in a gentle way, without harming the enamel.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. Now dental authorities the world over endorse it. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its daily use.

Two other new effects

Dental research has revealed two other great essentials, and Pepsodent meets both.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids as they form.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just the opposite effects.

The new way—Pepsodent—with every application, multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

A Delightful Ten-Day Test

Millions have learned what Pepsodent does by this pleasant ten-day test.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will know, beyond all question, what is best for you and yours.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.



First eyes—then teeth

A great writer says that the first beauty item is the eyes, the next the teeth. Pepsodent has brought new tooth beauty to millions of men and women.

But it does far more. It is fighting the great teeth enemies as they never were fought before. To careful people the world over it is bringing new tooth protection.

Learn what this method does. Make this ten-day test. Read, in the book we send, the reasons for each new effect. Then you will be convinced that all in your home, every day, should brush teeth in this modern way.

This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit.

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S. Africa: P.O. Box 6824, Johannesburg.
Australia: 137, Clarence Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
New Zealand: 31, Hunter Street, Wellington.

Readers resident in these countries may send coupon to above branches.

10-DAY TUBE FREE.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

(Dept. 128) 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name

Address

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

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—most suitable for regular family use.

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Amateur Golf: An Aspiration Rekindled.

By R. Endersby Howard.

After Twenty Years.

Is there a chance of an amateur winning the Open Golf Championship again? One is moved to ask this question by the very brilliant display—worthy of Mr. John Ball or Mr. Harold Hilton in his heyday—which Mr. Roger H. Wethered gave when securing the Amateur Championship at Deal recently. For a period of twenty years—from about 1900 till 1920—the struggling unpaid fell farther and farther behind the professionals in the great scoring test which is intended to bring to light the most accomplished golfer of the season. In course of time, the legions of amateur players became resigned to the melancholy conviction that never again would they produce a man capable of finishing first in this struggle. Indeed, it was wondered in some places why amateurs still took the trouble to compete. I remember a meeting at St. Andrews in which not one of their representatives so much as gained a place among the eighty men qualified to take part in the final stages. The disparity between the two sections has never been so great in golf as in billiards; but for a long while it was so marked as to make rivalry on level terms a rather pathetic business from the point of view of the amateurs.

Decline and Restoration.

Mr. Wethered has revived an old interest in the Open Championship. From the time of its inception in 1860 until about 1900, when Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor—to be joined a little later by James Braid—had begun to monopolise the honours, there was always a possibility of an amateur carrying off the cup. Gradually it weakened, until the event came to be recognised almost exclusively as the professional championship, even though the field usually comprised twenty or thirty of what the Americans call "Simon Pures." Mr. Wethered came like a flash of lightning—for previously he had done nothing classic—to restore the almost forgotten rivalry at St. Andrews in 1921, by tying with Jock Hutchison of Chicago for first place. They each had the very fine aggregate of 296 strokes for four rounds.

An Infamous Boot.

Actually, Mr. Wethered played 295 strokes, and "one with his boot" as a spectator said, in token of the fact that he lost a penalty shot, which cost him the Championship, through treading on his ball. The Royal and Ancient Club has a most interesting museum at St. Andrews, where are enshrined all its famous regalia and specimens of the clubs used centuries ago. If ever it adds a Chamber of Horrors, Mr. Wethered's infamous boot ought to occupy the central position. Anybody who needed proof of his ability to produce a game equal to that of the leading professionals had evidence and to spare at Deal. Neither Duncan nor Mitchell nor Ray could have hoped to play better than Mr. Wethered did from beginning to end of the final. He is going to compete in the Open Championship, which begins at Troon on June 11; and for the first

Dual Champions.

Mr. John Ball was the first amateur to win the Open Championship. He achieved his triumph at Prestwick in 1890. In the same year he was Amateur Champion.



GOLF CLUBS MADE BY BEN SAYERS FOR QUEEN MARY'S DOLL'S-HOUSE: WITH THREE-INCH SHAFTS AND RUSTLESS STEEL HEADS.

The latest offering for Queen Mary's doll's-house comes from Ben Sayers, the famous professional and clubmaker of North Berwick, and is illustrated in our photograph. The size of the tiny clubs may be judged by the fact that they are leaning up against a standard golf ball. Their heads are of rustless steel.

Photograph by Balmain.



PLAYING IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT: MISS ANGELA TOLLEMACHE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO LORD BELPER.

Miss Angela Tollemache is the younger daughter of the Hon. Douglas and Mrs. Tollemache, and is engaged to Lord Belper. She is a keen golfer, and competed in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Tournament at Hanger Hill.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

Nobody else has ever secured the two British titles in one season. Similarly, in the United States, only Mr. "Chick" Evans has

captured the two national titles in the same year—his was 1916—so that Mr. Wethered has a rare feat to emulate. When Mr. Ball gained his Open Championship success, the competition was over two rounds instead of four. Whether that made it easier or harder to win is a moot point. Probably Mr. Horace Hutchinson would say easier, for when, two years later, it was extended to four rounds, he led the field by two strokes at the end of 36 holes—which previously had been the full measure of the competition—only to fall behind on the second day, when he began by driving over the garden wall from the first tee at Muirfield.

The Rise of Mr. Hilton.

However, it was to another amateur that the honour fell—Mr. Harold Hilton, then a young man of twenty-three. He had a score of 305 for the four rounds, and next on the list came Mr. Ball, Alexander Herd, and the late Hugh Kirkaldy, with 308 each. At about these times there was always the prospect of an amateur winning. In the following season, Mr. J. E. Laidlay was second, two strokes behind Willie Auchterlonie, and so the amateurs maintained their strong attack until, on his native Hoylake links in 1907, Mr. Hilton triumphed again. At this period, Braid was just coming to the front, and he pressed the victor very hard in the final round, being ultimately beaten by one stroke. Then, gradually, the professionals asserted a dominance which became more and more definite as the years advanced. One can recollect Mr. Robert Maxwell and the late Mr. John Graham rising now and again to challenge this ascendancy; and as recently as 1911 at Sandwich Mr. Hilton looked remarkably like scoring a third victory until, three holes from the finish, he came to grief. For the rest, the amateurs in the Open Championship lived the lives of the oppressed.

Important Trifles.

As a sporting interlude it would be an excellent thing for an amateur to win this season, and Mr. Wethered—driving, as he is now, with a measure of reserve power that makes for straightness, and putting with a new-born inspiration that makes his swing much smoother than it used to be—is good enough to do it. I am not sure that there is any other amateur with a real chance, but it is something that there is one. Why is the general standard of professional golf so much higher than that of amateur golf? It is not, I think, because the professional has the greater volume of practice in the form of rounds. As a rule, he does so much teaching that he has less time for playing than many an amateur. I suppose it is that, as in every other walk of life, the man who has to derive his livelihood from pursuit has a greater incentive to excel at it than the one who follows it for amusement. The professional pays close attention to small points—the graduated lie of his clubs so that they all stand the same way, with their soles flat on the turf when he addresses the ball; the choice of a place on the teeing ground, so as to make sure of a comfortable stance; and a hundred other matters—which the amateur often overlooks.

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Cheaper Motor Vehicles.

Prices fell as the Whitsun holidays began—that is to say, as regards motor-cars, though meals on the road seemed to cost more. Hotel-keepers evidently believed that owners of motors are still millionaires, and fixed a tariff on that presumption. But the Bentley reduced price is now £875; the Fiat prices are all down—the 10-15-h.p. now costs £450 complete, and the other models *pro rata*. Whether this is all due to the large output given of some of the smaller cars like the Morris - Cowley, Morris - Oxford, Standard, Durant, and other production models it is hard to say; but undoubtedly motorists are getting the benefit of better methods of manufacture, with the result of cheapening prices. Flying also is becoming more popular, as the Croydon aerodrome has now a considerable concourse of passengers every day. Last week the Daimler Airways inaugurated their London to Berlin route, and no sooner had this line started a successful opening journey than the news came that the Instone Air Line had begun their express service to Cologne.

On this latter service, in addition to the machines calling at Brussels, a Napier engine D.H.34 express leaves Croydon every morning at 10 a.m., arriving at Cologne without intermediate stops at 1.30 p.m. The same machine returns from Cologne after a two hours' stay, and arrives at Croydon at 7 p.m., having covered a total distance of 640 miles in seven hours' actual flying time. There are other services as well, but passengers to Cologne, by using the express machines, save an hour each way on the journey; and on both

these routes, London - Berlin and London - Cologne, the only machines used are the Napier D.H.34. Air travel is making progress in many ways, so possibly the car-manufacturer feels that this is a competitor of which he must take some heed. As for air-cooled cars, the A.B.C. four-seater is now sold at the new price of £245 ready for the road; while the Studebaker light six is astonishing value at £385. Cheap as these cars are, Mr. Walton, who won the Standard car—for which he bought one single ticket—in the hospitals competition, is a much-envied motor-owner, for it is seldom that there is a possibility of anybody getting a modern new car, straight from the works, for a shilling, which is all he paid for it. The Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital, however, benefited by the sum of £1600, and other provincial hospitals shared a sum of £1500, these two sums being the whole of the result of the sale of tickets for the competition, which, as the managing director of the Standard Motor Company, Mr. R. Maudsley,

explained at the presentation of this car, was organised by the company on its own account to assist the hospitals. Great credit is due to the firm and to all the Standard agents who assisted in the sale of tickets with such a handsome result.

A French Competition.

Thirty-two car competitors started in the Tour de France, a 2500-mile test in thirteen stages, of which twenty-five succeeded in returning to their starting point, Paris. The British competitor, the little 1½-litre Calthorpe, finished with fifty points against it, mainly owing to its being involved in an accident, which made it many hours late in its arrival on one day. Anyway, it came through, and it deserves compliments for tackling such a serious road race. For though a schedule is laid down of a minimum speed of twenty-five to twenty-eight miles an hour, according to the class in which the vehicle is entered, the great desire of all the competitors in these French events is to arrive first in all the towns and villages, so that the

to the surprise of everybody, turned up at the start the following morning, merry and bright. As usual, there was a great chattering of the officials, as the observer had reported that the car was broken to pieces, but here it was in perfect working order! There was no rule by which the situation could be met, and after the usual screaming discussion the final decision was that the S.A.R.A. should be ruled out as a "dead man," but the driver should be awarded a gold medal. I think he earned it.

The King's New Car.

Like King Edward, King George is very faithful to the Daimlers that have carried him so well in the past, so that he has honoured Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., with an order for a 45-h.p. Daimler chassis. There is something very dignified about Daimlers, possibly due to their enclosed coachwork

being slightly higher in the roof canopy than ordinary motor-carriages, and they certainly are the most comfortable cars to travel in when one wears a silk hat on official occasions. Convenience in details is really the secret of comfortable motoring nowadays, and for that reason I cannot help advocating the use of grease-gun lubrication, instead of the ordinary screw-down grease-caps of bygone days, which still remain on far too many chassis. But even grease-guns have to be filled, and the filling of a grease-gun tube of about one inch



WITH HER DIRECTOR, AND PETER, THE FILM-ACTOR DOG: MISS VIOLET HOPSON, THE FAMOUS FILM STAR.

Miss Violet Hopson is one of the most popular and talented of British film stars. Mr. Walter West produces all the films in which she appears, and Peter, her dog, is a film actor who has already played important rôles in no fewer than three Walter West productions.

local reporters will chronicle their arrival in the stop-press news in their various journals. The consequence is that it is one long terrific race, with foot hard down on the accelerator pedal from the word "go" each morning to the arrival at the stopping place each night. They are great humorists, however, these French officials who run the races, as the following incident, which occurred in this recent competition, will prove. In one of the small-car classes, a four-cylinder air-cooled S.A.R.A. was entered, but in skidding on a greasy turn damaged the front axle. Naturally, the official observer—who was not of a mechanical mind—expected that the vehicle was put out of the competition, so, finding an opportunity of getting carried to the stopping place for the night on another car, he deserted the victim of the skid. The driver, however, was made of sterner stuff, for he took the axle off his car, carried it four miles to a village blacksmith and there straightened it, brought it back to the vehicle lying on the road, re-fitted it, and,

bore is not such an easy job. Possibly owing to the trouble of filling a grease-gun, some motorists who have cars with these lubrication fittings do not use them as frequently as possible. It is a dirty job to fill a grease-gun out of a seven-pound tin of grease, and the complaints that have arisen in this respect have at last been met by a "universal" loader which makes this a simple job and a clean one. All one has to do is to turn out the tin into the filler, which is simple, the filler being a kind of canister in which the grease is kept instead of in the tin. It has a nozzle at its lower extremity on to which the grease-gun chamber has to be fitted, so that all one has to do is to turn the handle of the loader four times and the gun is filled and the hands remain clean. It does the job in ten seconds, and nothing can happen to put it out of order. It is a bright idea, and has come along at the right time; no private garage which uses a grease-gun should be without it.



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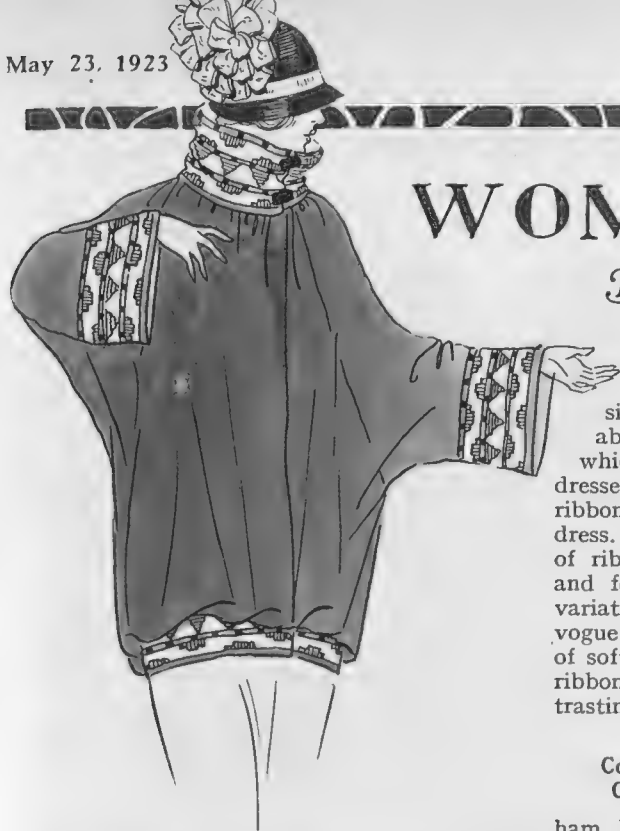


Chinese brocade, cleverly introduced into a wide swathed band of mollen gold tissue, makes the lovely frock, which hails from Miss Dove's salons at 125, New Bond Street. Orchid-mauve georgette and chiffon are used for the charming hat above; while in the other, earth-brown lace is draped over black crinoline straw, and held by a burnt-orange poppy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BACON.

WOMAN'S WAYS

By MABEL HOWARD.



Bright-coloured braid embroidery and black crêpe marocain make this attractive coatee from Goringe's.

Suits for Derby Day.

By a special dispensation of Fashion, who has kindly taken our variable climate into consideration, tailor-made suits can be worn on Derby Day; and many women whose wonderful Ascot frocks were ruined by ill-timed rain last year will take advantage of the fact. The three-piece suit will be in its element on the racecourse, for it is exactly suited to the requirements of the confirmed racegoer, who would scorn to leave the course for the sake of mere shelter. If it rains, the three-piece suit becomes a serviceable costume which, if it is not improved by the damp, will not be in the same pitiable plight as a fragile lace frock under the same conditions. If the weather is fine the little coat is removed, and the owner appears suitably dressed in a charming afternoon frock.

Lace Frocks for the Racecourse. There can be no doubt about it, lace will certainly play the leading rôle in Ascot dresses this year, and it is to be hoped that they will have fine weather to welcome them. Georgette and lace are certainly the favoured alliance, though there are many lovely frocks in which crêpe marocain takes the place of the lighter material, and this is particularly noticeable in regard to cloaks. Cloaks of lace with a deep roll-collar and wide hem-band of some more substantial fabric are very decorative, if not protective, and many of them will make their appearance. In some cases fur is used instead of material for the yoke or collar, white fur being chosen as a rule. Among the dresses shades ranging from white, through pale champagne, honey-colour, and the various tones of fawn, to deep mole, are the most fashionable in the light nuances; while black, as usual, can be relied on to hold its own.

New Uses for Ribbon.

Ribbons are always more to the fore in summer than in winter, for light frocks seem to require their presence far more than winter dresses, which rely for their charm less on decoration and more on good cut and

line. At the present moment ribbon is an important feature of adornment, since it figures in one of the most fashionable neck-forms. The little vertical slit which occurs in the front of boat-neck dresses is tied at the base of the throat with ribbon, generally of self material with the dress. The new tie cuffs end in narrow bands of ribbon fastened loosely round the wrist and forming short streamers; and a novel variation of the all-ribbon hat which came into vogue last year is one which boasts a crown of soft straw and a brim of narrow crocheted ribbon, either of the same colour or in a contrasting shade.

Coats and Coatees.

Black and steel are a very favoured alliance just now, and Goringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, have utilised it in the charming full-length coat sketched on this page. Heavy crêpe marocain is the medium used, and the little cape at the back is one with the tie belt which fastens in front, forming a pouched panel. The same fabric is used for the attractive coatee, which is decorated with embroidery of brilliant coloured braid. A short wrap which pleads to be taken to the racecourse is also fashioned of black crêpe marocain, and is edged with a long silk fringe. It is sleeveless, and the slits through which the arms are passed are



A distinctive coat of heavy black crêpe marocain, decorated with steel beading, which stands to the credit of Goringe's, Buckingham Palace Road.

caught together at the hem; £4 9s. 6d. is the price. Stone-grey crêpe-de-Chine makes another attractive coatee which is covered with self-shaded soutache braiding of different thicknesses. The sleeves are plain, but rows of tiny tucks appear just below the shoulders. There are any number of attractive coats and coatees to be found at Goringe's, as a visit to their salons will show.

Dresses of Note. One of the latest edicts from Paris on the subject of trains is illustrated by the frock sketched at the foot of this page, for the long panel at the back is slit to the waist, forming a broad double train.

The gown itself is beautifully draped, and carried out in moiré satin in a lovely shade of pink which is neither salmon nor peach colour, but a subtle and particularly attractive blend of the two. Paul Caret, 16, Orchard Street, is the artist in dress who is responsible for the achievement; and a feature of the many lovely afternoon frocks to be found there is that each model is accompanied by a hat specially designed to match. The coatee of a fascinating three-piece suit of navy-blue crêpe riffin—a fine material similar to a silk rep—is cut in front like a man's waistcoat in two points; and on the left side of the skirt appears an inverted V panel of printed crêpe marocain, which is also the medium of the bodice. When the coat is removed the dress can still be worn in three different ways. It may be arranged as a blouse and skirt; or the long tunic can be lifted outside the skirt in the manner of a jumper; or the wrap skirt, which is held only by one large button on the left hip, can be removed entirely, to reveal a complete two-flounce dress of printed-marocain. This novel suit, which might well be called a 4-piece suit, reflects great credit on the designer. [Continued overleaf.]



Paul Caret, of 16, Orchard Street, and Paris, has created this lovely gown of pink moiré satin. The double train springs from the waist.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

From the Home of Knitted Wear. Scotland, assuredly, is the home of knitted wear, for Scotch-knit garments represent the last word in comfort and excellence. G. S. Nicol's, 186, Bath Street, Glasgow, is the well-known Northern firm responsible for the ribbed cardigan suit shown in the left-hand top corner. Pure Botany wool is used, and all drooping and sagging of the skirt is prevented by the fact that it is carefully hand-sewn on to elastic petersham. In spite of this, the price is

For the Needlewoman.

To the expert needlewoman (whether she specialises in knitting, crocheting, embroidery, or plain sewing) Anchor cotton is an old and trusted friend, for there is a special make of Anchor thread to suit every purpose. It may be had in white or any shade, and it is needless to add that all colours are fast-dyed. The pretty frock sketched at the top of the page is hand-made and embroidered with Anchor thread, and these favourite cottons, together with patterns, transfers, and instruction leaflets, can be obtained from all drapers and art needlework depots of note.

Excelsior Shoes. Special care in little details is the secret of good dressing, and it is just the perfection of these small details that makes "Excelsior" shoes such a delight to the wearer and ensures a long life to the shoe itself. G. F. Hutchings, of Bristol, the manufacturers of this well-known make of shoe, have succeeded in the difficult task of allying practical qualities with graceful line, and the result is the "Shaftesbury" shoe, one of their most attractive models. It can be had in calf, doeskin, and patent leather; and the close fit of the heel, which is so essential to comfort and appearance alike, has received special study. Readers of *The Sketch* who cannot obtain "Excelsior" shoes from their shoemaker are invited to write to Hutchings at Excelsior Works, Bristol.

"Ma Chérie" Eau-de-Cologne. There is something so delicate and refreshing about the fragrance of "Ma Chérie" eau-de-Cologne that those who experiment with this delicious scent generally



A pretty frock, hand-made, and embroidered with Clark's Anchor thread.



An admirable knitted suit of pure Botany wool, which is sponsored by G. S. Nicol, 186, Bath Street, Glasgow.

remarkably modest—£4 18s. 6d. is the sum required; and an illustrated catalogue and shade cards, as well as a sample suit, will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

Inexpensive Woven Suits.

Those who are looking for woven suits that are both inexpensive and well cut must remember the address of McDonald's, 21, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. The attractive blue artificial-silk-and-wool suit on the left at the foot of the page stands to their credit, and 5½ guineas is the price; £4 19s. 6d. is the cost of a delightful knitted suit which closely resembles Donegal tweed; and there are Scotch marled wool suits to be had for 4 guineas; white brushed-wool capes banded with black lines are obtainable for £3 19s. 6d.; while a full-length coat of softest white brushed wool costs £4 19s. 6d., and is ideal for wear after a hard game of tennis.



Blue artificial silk and wool are allied in the charming knitted suit on the left, which comes from McDonald's, 21, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, are responsible for the attractive sports coat on the right.

become life-long supporters. As a travelling companion on a long and tiring journey its value cannot be over-estimated, and it is important to note that "Ma Chérie" eau-de-Cologne can now be obtained at very moderate prices. This delightful perfume, as well as the other "Ma Chérie" beauty preparations, may be purchased from any leading stores or chemist.

A Charming Sports Coat. Sports coats are always to the fore; they have no "off"

season, and any new style is sure of a warm welcome. Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, have struck an original note in the attractive sports coat shown on this page. It is carried out in natural undyed wool in a pearl-stitch design; and the most important feature is the wide band of brushed wool at the hem, in which the pockets are situated. This band is carried on up the front of the coat to make the revers and collar. Brushed wool occurs again on the cuffs, and 75s. is the price.

Beautiful Embroidery.

For light summer frocks that must pay frequent visits to the wash-tub, wear-resisting embroidery is the only practical kind, and a charming form of decoration which appears as fragile as a spider's web, and is in reality remarkably durable, is Swiss embroidery. Flounces, insertions, edgings, and the quaintest motifs imaginable may all be obtained in this fine work. Drawn thread is cleverly introduced into many of the different designs, of which there are any number, from conventional floral patterns to strange little figures embroidered on an open-work background.

[Continued on page x.x.]



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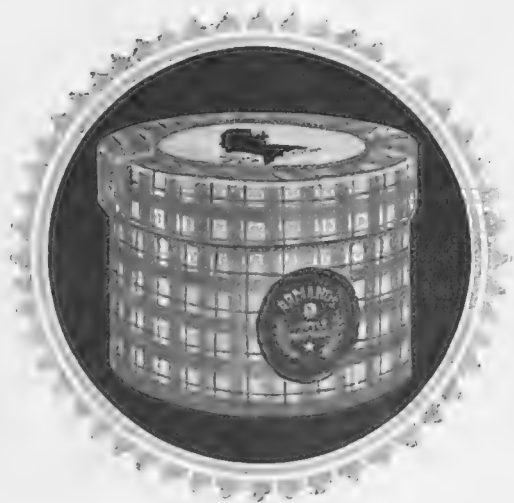
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The result is an exquisite complexion powder that beautifies and at the same time protects your skin; that adheres until you are ready to bathe it off, and yet is practically invisible, so closely does it blend with the colour of your skin.

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Armand Cold Cream Powder, in tints of Natural, Cream, White, Pink and Brunette, is obtainable at leading Chemists, Court Hairdressers and Stores.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

ATTRACTIVE LINGERIE In "Opal" Finished Lawn

This attractive Lingerie Set is made in "Opal" finished lawn, an entirely new fabric for dainty Lingerie. It is fine in texture and delightfully soft, perfectly fast in colour, and will wear well.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in the new "Opal" finished lawn, entirely hand-made, an exact copy of a French model. Square neck with wide kimono sleeves, trimmed with new design in pin tucking, finished at waist with satin ribbon sash. In white, sky, apricot, rose, cherry, parma, ochre, vieux rose, eaud-Nil, mauve, coral, flame, lemon, orange, black and grey.

PRICE

29/6

CHEMISE to match ... 21/9
KNICKERS to match ... 21/9

In good quality washing voile, entirely hand-made. In white and good colours.

NIGHTDRESS ... 39/6
CHEMISE to match ... 29/6

KNICKERS to match ... 29/6
LACE BOUDOIR CAP, trimmed satin ribbon to match all nightdresses

25/9

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Model 616.

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Outsizes, 21/- extra.

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No. 2.

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No. 1.

No. 2.

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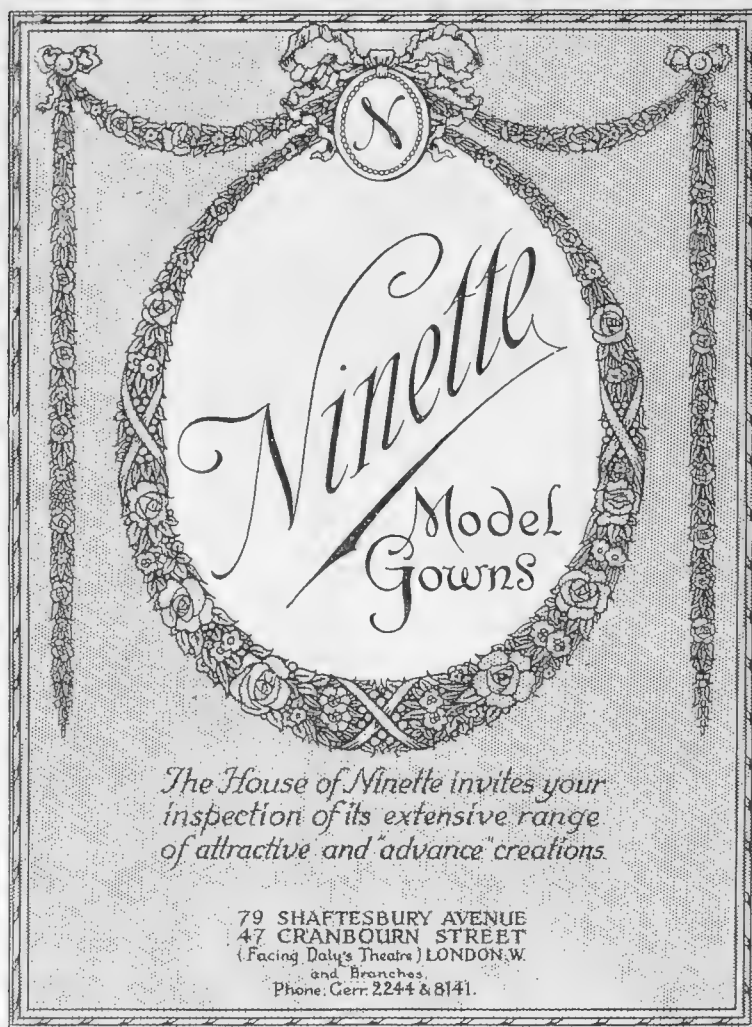
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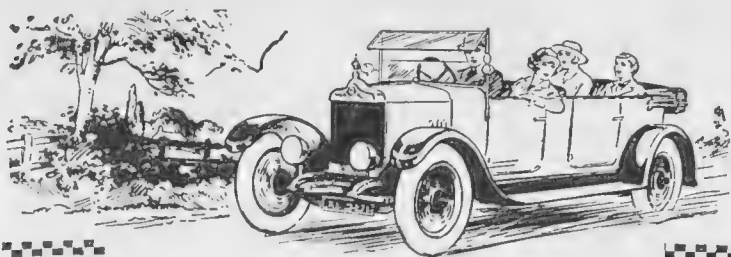
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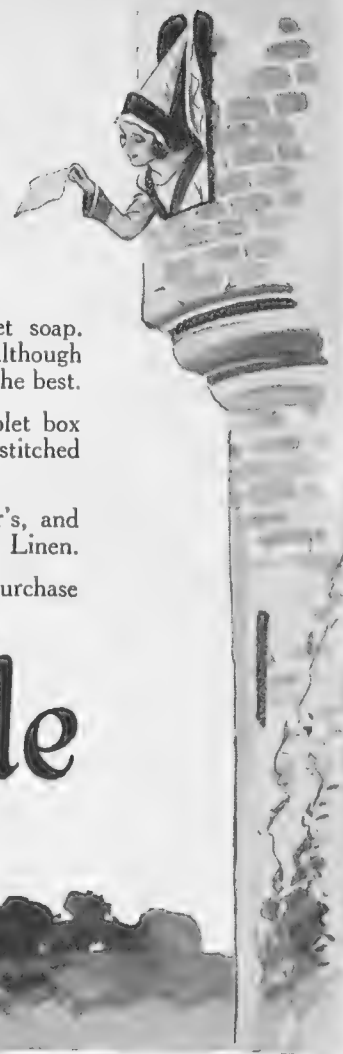
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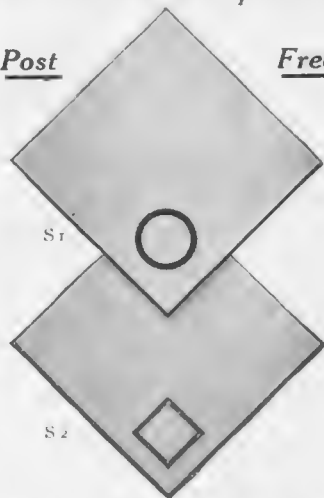
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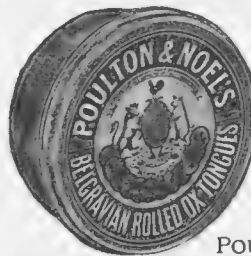
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no full-figured woman would endure the discomforts of stoutness another hour. But many full-figured women have never consulted a Corset Expert, and having no idea of the wonderful improvements in appearance brought to thousands of women by the use of W.B. Super-Reduso Corsets, have resigned themselves to what they consider 'inevitable' stoutness.

SEE SPECIAL DISPLAY
IN HARRODS CORSET
SALON 2nd FLOOR



W.B.
-Super-
Reduso
CORSETS

'SUPER - REDUSO' (S.1)

Low bust, fairly short hip. White or Pink Coutil. Sizes 23 to 40 inches. **29/11**

'STYLISH-STOUT' (S.1310)

Low bust, fairly long, elastic top. In fine quality Broche, White or Pink, Sizes 23 to 42 inches. **78/6**

EXPERT ADVICE GIVEN FREE!

If there is any point upon which you would like the personal advice of a corset expert, get into touch with Harrods Lady Specialist. The information she will give is yours for the asking. It imposes no obligation, but may make a world of difference if you avail yourself of it.

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Established over 100 Years

Charming Model Coat

W.S. 714 - Exact reproduction of French design, embroidered to form the new long waist line and side panels in rich silk embroidery. Made in Wool Marocain and lined throughout rich quality satin. In smart light colourings, also navy and black.

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Take Heed of Bleeding Gums

Tender, bleeding gums are Nature's warning of the approach of Pyorrhea.

You cannot afford to take chances with this insidious disease; the odds are too heavy against you; Pyorrhea attacks four persons out of every five past the age of forty, and thousands younger, too.

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At the first indication of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist. Start brushing your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums. If used consistently and used in time this dentifrice will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress.

Forhan's For the Gums is pleasant to the taste, and used as a dentifrice it will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

Or send 2/6 for long-lasting tube
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Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a Tooth paste
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Flavoured with
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SIMPLE to make—
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The illustration shows No. W 13, a handsome Patent Colt Derby Pattern Shoe, with straight toe cap, medium weight sole and leather heel. Like all Lightfoot shoes, it is made from the very best leather procurable. Its smart lines and comfortable shape make W 13 very popular with ladies for outdoor wear. Price 32/6.

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Send a card for name of Nearest Agent.

JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., LTD. - - NORWICH
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43

A new chocolate, made by Mackintosh's—and as the famous Toffee de Luxe—that's saying something if you prefer a chocolate that is
—not too sweet
—not too milky
much more

“chocolate-y”

and completely delicious, ask for
TABLETS NEAPOLITANS

4½d & 9d. per packet.

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Made by John Mackintosh & Sons, Ltd., Halifax, Yorks.

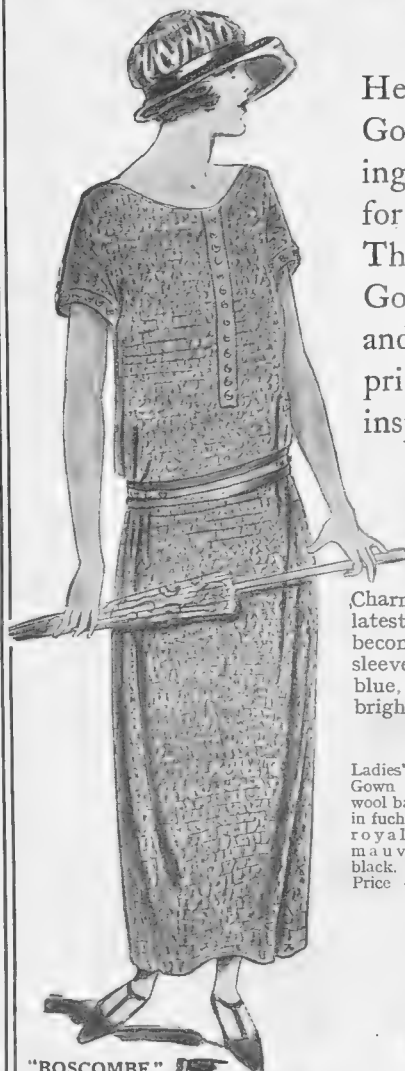
Mackintosh's
DESSERT
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“GRISSETTE”

Charming Summer Frock of “Milply,” the latest French cotton novelty. Well cut and becoming. Embroidered organdi at sleeves, front of bodice, and waist. In bright blue, pastel blue, cyclamen, grey, bright henna, and lemon. Price 79/6

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An attractive tub Frock of coloured linen-finished lawn. Well cut, with becoming roll collar, and neat turn-back cuffs, and modestie vest of daintily worked white voile. In lilac, green, rose, light blue, grey. Price - 25/9



Ladies' pure silk Hose, lisle soles and top, fully fashioned. In nigger, grey, fawn, champagne, white, cream, and black, etc. Price - - 10/9

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Mushroom hat of putty georgette underlined with brown. Finished at side with cluster of mixed fruit and grass. Ideal for wearing with summer frocks. Price - 49/6

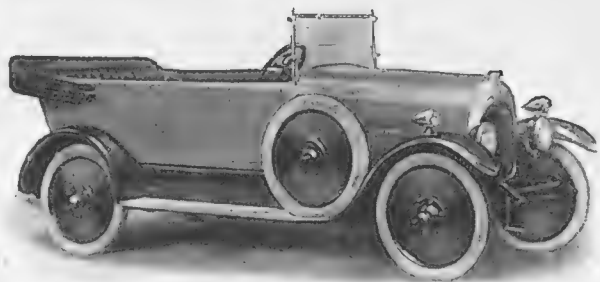
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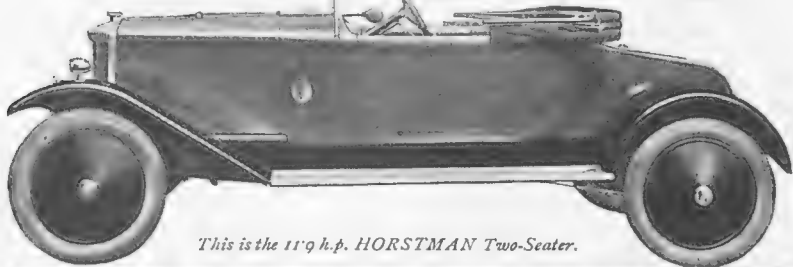
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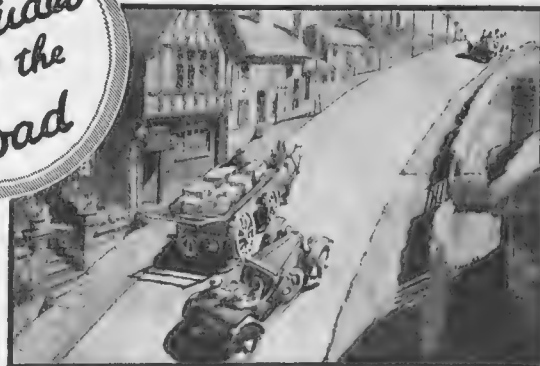
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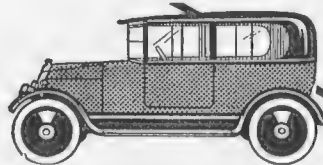
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H.P.



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the children love
is the kind they
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All young people are fond of "Bermaline"—the crisp toothsome loaf with a captivating flavour not to be found in any other brown bread.

From the point of view of sustenance provided, it is also the finest bread—brown or white—your children can eat. Every particle yields nourishment either for bone, muscle or energy, and being easily digested it is quickly assimilated.

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The Proprietors of "Bermaline"—MONTGOMERIE & CO., LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW—supply the special ingredients for making "Bermaline" Bread to Bakers who are agents throughout the United Kingdom. Ask for the baker's address in your district.

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are
Notably artistic
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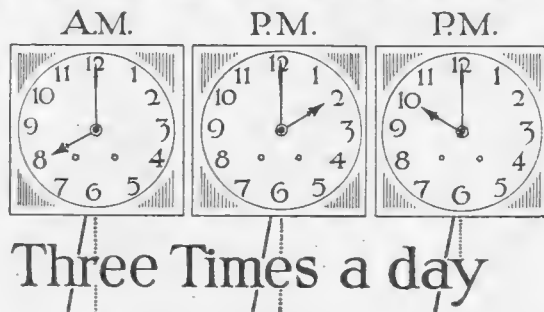
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Of all Chemists.

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is not held out to the public as a remedy for those dental troubles which can only be properly treated by a qualified practitioner, but, in the words of a prominent bacteriologist, "Its use is eminently calculated to prevent the necessity of recourse to other and less pleasant means of arresting dental decay." A booklet on the cause and prevention of dental decay, together with a trial tube of Euthymol, will be sent post free to any address on application to:—



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OVER 100 RESORTS

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SUPERINTENDENT, L.N.E.R., ABERDEEN.

Glorious Devon



Fair Devon is peculiarly beautiful at this season of the year, and holiday-makers visiting the county now have a choice of scores of charming haunts on the South and North Coasts and on Dartmoor and Exmoor, and all tastes can find a spot where, in the freshness of Spring and early Summer, happy and healthy holidays can be spent. Tree-clad coves on the South Coast, Atlantic-fretted shores on the North, and lovely villages all over the county combine to give Devon its splendid position amongst the holiday grounds of Great Britain.

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TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 1903.

VASCO'S NEW "OLEO," OR THE OLD PERMANENT HAIR-WAVING TREATMENT WILL EVER DEFY COMPETITION



Winner of the Prize of Honour, Permanent Hair Waving Competition.

If he should advise the newest one :

- 1.—The sitting will be reduced by at least one hour.
- 2.—The slight discomfort experienced with the old system is entirely eliminated.
- 3.—The result as perfect as ever.
- 4.—No extra charge for the novelty.

However, should he think then his old system best, you may rest assured it is for the benefit of your hair.

A Warning from Mons. Vasco :

Ladies,

I fully understand you being reluctant to have your hair permanently waved, or puzzled as to where to go for advice on the subject ; what one reads in the papers about some extraordinarily wonderful inventions, dry or steam processes, oil processes and others, is enough to distract even myself and my operators, because how can we say that these are novelties when we have used the oil and other methods on certain hair for the last five years ?

As heretofore, I will enlighten you on the subject, and if that will not be sufficient, please call upon me, whether you intend patronising my establishment or not. I will show you examples of my own very

latest improvement in permanent hair waving, and the old as mentioned above. I will tell you if your hair can be permanently waved or not, and if it can undergo the treatment, I shall advise which it ought to have. In any case, both are perfection in themselves—perfection achieved by unrelented study.

I will also tell you without fear of contradiction that the best system for permanently waving hair is to have an expert operator who knows how to take care of your hair, with or without oils, pomades, etc., applied to it ; one who knows how to send you out of his hands with a perfectly waved head of hair—a lasting wave, and a wave that will not ruin your hair.

Yours, etc., T. Vasco.

Prices : From £5 5s. 0d. for a whole head of hair, and from £3 3s. 0d. for a whole front : 6s. per curler for side curls—one or two each side is generally enough. For a bobbed head the charges are the same.

SPECIALITIES—Permanent HAIR-WAVING (20 machines), Ordinary Hair Waving, Hairdressing, Hair Tinting or Bleaching, Hair Work, Shampooing, etc.

A QUALIFIED TRICHOLOGIST (specialist on scalp and hair diseases) in attendance, and consultations or advice by letter free of charge.

HAIR TINTING DEPARTMENT is supervised by Mons. Ernest, the great expert. Consultations free. Daylight rooms.

PREPARATIONS strongly recommended by Mons. Vasco.
SETTING LOTION of exceptional fragrance. Specially prepared for Permanently Waved Hair. 8 oz., 13/-, or 12 oz., 18/-, or 16 oz., 23/-; postage extra.

OLYFLOS—The Oil of Rome; the most wonderful unguent for the massage of face and body, also beneficial against pimples, blackheads, red skin, and eczema. Sold in tubes at 3/- and 5/- (6d. extra for postage).

ZEPHYR—The hair colouring of to-day. Rapid and permanent. Unalterable in any climate. 13/6 full box. Sample box 3/6. Both post free. When ordering mention colour desired.

(Olyflos and Zephyr manufactured by Glorias, Ltd., the celebrated perfumers.)

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Jumpers need very careful treatment to avoid loss of shape, shrinkage or stretching. Our methods have been proved reliable and give complete satisfaction to our customers. That is one of the reasons why the leading Ladies' papers recommend "Achille Serre."

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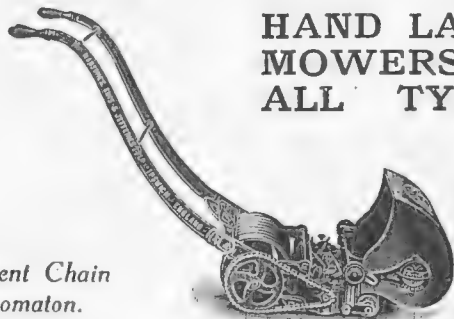


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Established 1760



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"WALPOLE" BLOUSE
IN PLAIN
WHITE VOILE.

The Robespierre collar is fastened with black Moiré ribbon, whilst very fine tucks adorn the front, around the body and on the sleeves. The sleeves are inset with beading, and the cuffs finished with black Moiré ribbon. These charming features are made enduring by the excellent Voile and "Walpole" workmanship.

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S.B.
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The THURSTON Model

This Jay Hat is made of Manilla straw of the very finest texture, and of a quality rarely obtainable; the trimming being of rich crêpe de chine. It weighs no more than a feather. In saxe, nigger, rose, almond green, cinnamon and natural.

Jay Hats are distinguished by a small label inside—the picture of a Jay. The best milliners everywhere have a Jay Hat to suit you.

JAY HATS—the essence of refinement.

If you have any difficulty
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write direct to

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Chocolats Fantaisie

CONES of Marzipan tipped with non-pareils and wrapped tightly in silver jackets, triangles of crème de nougat covered with gold-traced foils of red and blue, langues de chat strapped in pairs and made of the pure Fantaisie chocolate itself, these are just three picked at random from Fry's Fantaisie assortment.

5/6 per lb. box.

3/- per ½-lb. box.

Fry's

WOMANS WAY'S. By Mabel Howard.

Continued.

An Ideal Summer Resort. There will not be a dull moment in the whole holiday if it is spent at Aix-les-Bains, for this famous resort can provide everything that could be desired in the way of entertainment. There is golf, tennis, boating, shooting, and fishing, not to mention walking, which is certainly an ideal pursuit in such lovely scenery. Two championship

detracts more from the appearance than straggling, impoverished locks. Every woman who is not satisfied with the condition of her hair should seek the advice of that expert on hair, M. David Nicol, of the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street. He is responsible for the wonderful transformations for which the establishment is famous; one of them is illustrated on this page. They are

engagements can be made at Vernon House, Shaftesbury Avenue, or at the Embassy



At a famous health and holiday resort: A view from Aix-les-Bains.

tennis courts attract many enthusiasts yearly, and the casinos of Aix-les-Bains are world-famous. Full information can be obtained from the P.M.L. Railway, 179, Piccadilly, or from any travel agency in England.

Artistic Hair Work. Nature has not endowed every woman with beautiful hair, and certainly nothing

brose, the famous leader of the Embassy Club Orchestra, has now taken under his supervision several others, and many will be glad to hear that they can be engaged for private work. One of these orchestras has played before the Prince of Wales, Lady Astor, Lady Guinness, Lady Londonderry, and a number of other well-known people, with great success. Arrangements for

composed of the finest naturally wavy hair, knotted by hand on to hair lace; and the result is that each hair appears to spring separately from the scalp. Detection is impossible, and this applies even to the parting—always the most difficult part of the work. In these realistic transformations the position of the parting can be changed at will without altering the lifelike effect.

For Private Dances. So many requests for or-

chestras for private dances have come in to the Embassy Club that Mr. Am-

An artistic and lifelike transformation which stands to the credit of the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street.

Club, Bond Street. Regent 2335 and Gerrard 2920 are the telephone numbers, and it is wise to book these orchestras well in advance.

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HAND-MADE
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

THOSE who appreciate exquisite cigarettes will not be satisfied with any but Piccadilly. They are made with a care and patience typical of that which characterises the production of only superlatively good things.

None but the most perfect tobacco is used for Piccadilly Cigarettes and every leaf is examined, straightened, stored away to mature naturally in wood for years and then cut by experts. After this the cigarettes are made, singly, by experts.

Only in this painstaking way can the delicate flavour and exquisitely smooth smoking qualities of Piccadilly cigarettes be obtained; qualities for which you will search in vain in other cigarettes.

Buy a box of Piccadilly Cigarettes to-day and test their superb qualities for yourself.

Made by Alexander Boguslavsky, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, W.



From the BEST of the 1919 CROP



Model 773. Price 7/11
Similar models from 5/6-14/6

'My Lady' Cami-Corsette

The newest fashion in Corsets

'My Lady' Corsets provide for every demand of fashion and we are confident that our newest model, the 'My Lady' Cami-Corsette, will meet with instant favour among smart women.

This dainty garment is a combination of Brassière, Corset and Hip Confirmer, and achieves that long-sought-for result—perfect freedom combined with an adequate degree of support. An ideal model for sport, dancing, evening wear, etc., and a boon in hot weather.

Ask your draper to show you the 'My Lady' Cami-Corsette, or write direct to us.

'My Lady' Corsets have been awarded the Diploma of the Institute of Hygiene.

"My Lady"

'My Lady' Corsets are on sale at most high-class drapers. If you have any difficulty ask for name of nearest agent when writing for the 'My Lady' BROCHURE.

Manufacturers:

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Téclas and Orientals

THE distinguishing characteristic of Oriental Pearls is that they cost a fabulous sum of money. Whereas the distinguishing characteristic of Técla Pearls is that they don't. Aside from this there is very little to choose between them.

*TÉCLA PEARL NECKLACES
with Genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 Guineas.*

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris
398 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE CLUE OF THE CHOCOLATE BOX.

(Continued from Page 386.)

almost distraught at the time. I see now that there is no mystery to solve. Leave it, I beg of you, Monsieur.'

"I eyed her closely.

"Mademoiselle,' I said, 'it is sometimes difficult for a dog to find the scent; but once he has found it, nothing on earth will make him leave it! Not if he is a good dog. And I, Mademoiselle, I, Hercule Poirot, am a very good dog.'

"Without a word she turned away. A few minutes later she returned with the address written on a sheet of paper. I left the house. François was waiting for me outside. He looked at me anxiously.

"There is no news, Monsieur?'

"None as yet, my friend.'

"Ah, pauvre Monsieur Déroutard,' he sighed. 'I, too, was of his way of thinking. I do not care for priests. Not that I would say so in the house. The women are all devout—a good thing, perhaps. *Madame est très, très pieuse—et Mademoiselle Virginie aussi.*

"Mademoiselle Virginie? Was she *très pieuse*? Thinking of the tear-stained, passionate face I had seen that first day, I wondered.

"Having obtained the

address of M. de Saint Alard, I wasted no time. I arrived in the neighbourhood of his chateau in the Ardennes, but it was some time before I could find a pretext for gaining admission to the house. In the end I did—how do you think?—as a plumber, *mon ami*! It was the affair of a moment to arrange a neat little gas-leak in his bed-room. I

departed for my tools, and took care to return with them at an hour when I knew I should have the field pretty well to myself. What I was searching for I hardly knew. The one thing needful I could not believe there was any chance of finding. He would never have run the risk of keeping it.

"Still, when I found a little cupboard above the washstand locked, I could not resist the temptation of seeing what was inside it. The lock was quite a simple one to pick. The door swung open. It was full of old bottles. I took them up one by one with a trembling hand. Suddenly I uttered a cry. Figure to yourself, my friend, I held in my hand a little phial with an English chemist's label. On it were the words, 'Trinitrin Tablets. One to be taken when required. Mr. John Wilson.'

Poirot paused dramatically.

"Well?" I cried interestedly. "What happened next?"

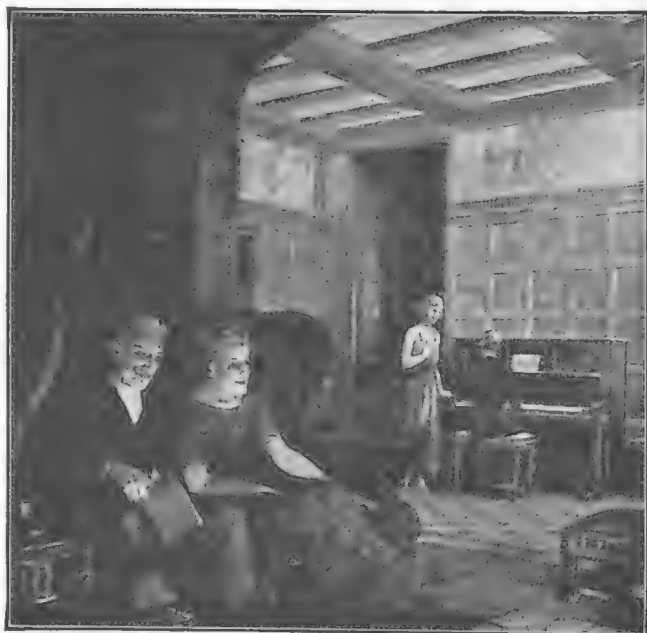
"*Ma foi!* I controlled my emotion, closed the little cupboard, slipped the bottle into my pocket, and continued to repair the gas-leak. One must be methodical. Then I left the chateau, and took train for my own country as soon as possible. I arrived in Brussels late that night. I was writing out a report for the Préfet in the morning when a note was brought to me. It was from old Mme. Déroutard, and it summoned

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS JOAN KATHLEEN HEPPER AND CAPTAIN C. H. TREMAYNE, M.C., 11th HUSSARS, AT BOMBAY CATHEDRAL: THE BRIDE, HER PARENTS, BRIDEGROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, BEST MAN, AND BROTHER-OFFICERS OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, the four bridesmaids—Miss Doreen Hepper, Miss Marjorie Aitken, Miss Phyllis Street, and Miss Norma Critchley; the parents of the bride, Sir Lawless and Lady Hepper; and brother-officers of the bridegroom, including the best man, Captain Jaffray. The guard of honour at the Cathedral porch was formed by Captain Riviere, Captain Nadin, Mr. Allenby, and Mr. Bingley (all of the 11th Hussars), Captain Pilkington, 16th Lancers, and Major Nethersole, H.E. the Governor's Bodyguard. The bridegroom is standing on the left hand of the bride.—[Photograph by Fred Mitchell.]



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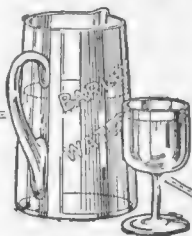


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comparing them with real or other artificial pearls they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money.

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Continued.]

me to the house in the Avenue Louise without delay.

"François opened the door to me.

"Madame la Baronne is awaiting you."

"He conducted me to her apartments. She sat in state in a large arm-chair. There was no sign of Mlle. Virginie.

"M. Poirot," said the old lady, "I have just learnt that you are not what you pretended to be. You are a police officer."

"That is so, Madame."

"You came here to inquire into the circumstances of my son's death?"

"Again I replied, 'That is so, Madame.'

"I should be glad if you would tell me what progress you have made."

"I hesitated.

"First I would like to know how you have learned all this, Madame."

"From one who is no longer of this world."

"Her words, and the brooding way she uttered them, sent a chill to my heart. I was incapable of speech.

"Therefore, Monsieur, I would beg of you most urgently to tell me exactly what progress you have made in your investigation."

"Madame, my investigation is finished."

"My son?"

"Was killed deliberately."

"You know by whom?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Who, then?"

"M. de Saint Alard."

"The old lady shook her head."

"You are wrong. M. de Saint Alard is incapable of such a crime."

"The proofs are in my hands."

"I beg of you once more to tell me all."

"This time I obeyed, going over each step that had led me to the discovery of the truth. She listened attentively. At the end she nodded her head.

"Yes, yes; it is all as you say—all but one thing. It was not M. de Saint Alard who killed my son. It was I, his mother."

"I stared at her. She continued to nod her head gently."

"It is well that I sent for you. It is the providence of the good God that Virginie told me what she had done before she departed for the convent. Listen, M. Poirot. My son was an evil man. He persecuted the Church. He led a life of mortal sin. He dragged down other souls beside his own. But there was worse than that. As I came out of my room in this house one morning, I saw my daughter-in-law standing at the head of the stairs. She was reading a letter. I saw my son steal up behind her. One swift push, and she fell, striking her head on the marble steps. When they picked her up she was dead. My son was a murderer, and only I, his mother, knew it." She closed her eyes for a moment. "You cannot conceive, Monsieur, of my agony, my despair. What was I to do? Denounce him to the police? I could not bring myself to do it. It was my duty, but my flesh was weak. Besides, would they believe me? My eyesight had been failing for some time—they would say I was mistaken. I kept silence. But my conscience gave me no peace. By keeping silence I, too, was a murderer. My son inherited his wife's money. He flourished as the green bay tree. And now he was to have a Minister's portfolio. His persecution of the Church would be redoubled. And there was Virginie. She, poor child, beautiful, naturally pious, was fascinated by him. He had a strange and terrible power over women. I saw it coming. I was powerless to prevent it. He had no intention of marrying her. The time came when she was ready to yield everything to him. Then I saw my path clear. He was my son. I had given

him life. I was responsible for him. He had killed one woman's body, now he would kill another's soul. I went to Mr. Wilson's room and took the bottle of tablets. He had said once laughingly that there were enough in it to kill a man. I went into the study and opened the big box of chocolates that always stood on the table. I opened the new box by mistake. The other was on the table also. There was just one chocolate left in it. That simplified things. No one ate chocolates except my son and Virginie. I would keep her with me that night. All went as I had planned . . ."

"She paused, closing her eyes a minute, then opened them again."

"M. Poirot, I am in your hands. They tell me I have not many days to live. I am willing to answer for my action before the good God. Must I answer for it on earth also?"

"I hesitated. 'But the empty bottle, Madame,' I said, to gain time. 'How came that into M. de Saint Alard's possession?'"

"When he came to say good-bye to me, Monsieur, I slipped it into his pocket. I did not know how to get rid of it. I am so infirm that I cannot move about much without help, and finding it empty in my rooms might have caused suspicion. You understand, Monsieur—she drew herself up to her full height—it was with no idea of casting suspicion on M. de Saint Alard! I never dreamed of such a thing. I thought his valet would find an empty bottle and throw it away without question."

"I bowed my head. 'I comprehend, Madame,' I said."

"And your decision, Monsieur?"

"Her voice was firm and unfaltering, her head held as high as ever."

"I rose to my feet."

"Madame," I said, "I have the honour

(Continued overleaf)

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Extract from Yorkshire Telegraph & Star Dec 21st MOTOR ACCIDENT AT BRATHAY.

On Friday night a motor car returning from Coniston to Troutbeck collided with the wall at the corner near the foot of Brathay Fell Hill. Miss [redacted], Troutbeck, and Mr. [redacted], Windermere, were accompanying the car, and owing to the splinters from the shattered wind-screen the two former were badly cut about their faces. Miss [redacted] also sustained slight concussion. They were taken to Brathay Hall Lodge overnight, every hospitality being offered by Mr. and Mrs. [redacted]. Drs. [redacted] and [redacted] were summoned from Ambleside, and attended to the injuries.

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Continued.]

to wish you good-day. I have made my investigations—and failed! The matter is closed.”

He was silent for a moment, then said quietly: “She died just a week later. Mademoiselle Virginie passed through her

becoming suddenly animated “Is it that you do not see? But I was thirty-six times an idiot! My grey cells, they functioned not at all. The whole time I had the true clue in my hands.”

“What clue?”

“The Chocolate Box! Do you not see? Would anyone in possession of their full eyesight made such a mistake? I knew Mme. Déroulard had cataract—the atropine drops told me that. There was only one person in the household whose eyesight was such that she could not see which lid to replace. It was the chocolate box that started me on the track, and yet up to the end I failed consistently to perceive its real significance! Also my psychology was at fault. Had M. de Saint Alard been the criminal, he would never have kept an incriminating bottle. Finding it was a proof of his innocence. I had learned already from Mlle. Virginie that he was absent-minded. Altogether it is a miserable affair that I have recounted to you there! Only to you have I told the story. You comprehend, I do not figure well in it! An old lady commits a crime in such a simple and clever fashion that I, Hercule Poirot, am completely deceived! *Sapristi*, it does not bear thinking of! Forget it. Or no; remember it, and if you think at any time that I am growing conceited—it is not likely, but it might arise”—I concealed a smile—“*eh bien*, my friend, you shall say to me, ‘Chocolate box.’ Is it agreed?”

“It’s a bargain.”

“After all,” said Poirot reflectively, “it was an experience! I, who have undoubtedly the finest brain in Europe at the present moment, can afford to be magnanimous!”

“Chocolate box,” I murmured gently.

“Pardon, *mon ami*?”

I looked at Poirot’s innocent face, as he bent forward inquiringly, and my heart

smote me. I had suffered often at his hands; but I too, though not possessing the finest brain in Europe, could afford to be magnanimous.

“Nothing,” I lied, and lit another pipe, smiling to myself. [THE END.]



PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE POMERANIAN SOCIETY'S SHOW:

MRS. PATTEN'S ENCHANTING PAIR.

Mrs. Patten, of Waynflete, Horley, won a first prize with these charming three-months' puppies at the Pomeranian Society's Show last week.—[Photo. by I.B.]

novitiate and duly took the veil. That, my friend, is the story. I must admit that I do not make a fine figure in it.”

“But that was hardly a failure,” I expostulated. “What else could you have thought under the circumstances?”

“Ah! *Sacré, mon ami*!” cried Poirot,



A LITTLE REFRESHMENT AFTER THE TRIALS OF THE JUDGES' RING: MRS. E. PEARCE'S MOONFLOWER AT THE POMERANIAN SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Dog shows are exhausting affairs for the actual competitors as well as for their owners. Our photographer snapped Moonflower, the beautiful little Pom, belonging to Mrs. E. Pearce, when having a little soothing mixture after the trials of the judges' ring!

Photograph by I.B.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—VII.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DECLARATION.

I SAID in an earlier article that bridge was full of anomalies. So it is, and most of them occur in the declaration. Here are a couple to be going on with.

It is a great mistake to be too keen on getting the declaration, yet over-calling your hand is a paying proposition, and it is a still greater mistake to allow opponents to get the contract without making very determined attempts to get it away from them.

The no-trump game is the most powerful; it undoubtedly is the simplest game to play, and, of course, the easiest on which to reach game from a clean score; yet the *original* declaration of one no-trump is a sign of weakness.

But the greatest anomaly at the game of bridge—in all its departments—is this: the *original* call of two in a suit or in no-trumps is the very worst, silliest, fatuous, senseless, misleading and wholly idiotic call that can be made, yet it is the most popular, and it is the call that is heard more often than all the other calls put together.

Let us commune together for a short space about this original bid of two. As a start, I will put this question to each and every one of my readers. When your partner opens the proceedings with a bid of two, which one of you can place your hand upon your heart and answer truthfully that you know what his bid means? Does it mean that he holds seven to the 9, or that he holds six to the ace king, and perhaps a bit besides—does it, in fact, mean anything at all? Yes, it does; I can answer that for you. It means that you yourself must jolly

well keep your mouth shut—you dare not bid on your own account, and it is a bit risky to support your two-bidding partner, as you have no notion whatever what his hand consists of. It is, though, I presume, with the idea of keeping all mouths shut that this vast majority of bridge-players open the bidding with a call of two. They foresee a fair chance of struggling through with their contract—they often do—they may even score three odd, if left alone, which, of course, is extremely satisfactory; and this result would be entirely satisfactory if everybody did remain silent; but, alas! in actual play, the only person who does remain silent is their own partner, while the others are apt to talk loudly enough.

The essence of good calling at bridge is to give information whereby the best play suitable to the combined hands (be that information either to get the contract yourself, or to get the other fellow to play a safe declare, or to down him) may be arrived at. All players, surely, will grant this premise; yet all players—or nearly all—start with a bid which conveys no information of any kind to partner, but which at the same time effectually prevents him in his turn from giving any information back. And mark this, all of you: the very fact of calling an original two encourages opponent to bid, yes, even to bid three on such a hand that, under normal conditions, he possibly would not have bid at all.

Personally, I cannot see even a theoretical use in this bid; there may be one, so grant it, but still the practical result remains that the original call of two eggs opponent on, and compels partner to keep quiet—the two very things you should try all you

know to avoid when declaring. Take this hand—

SPADES—K Q Kn 9 8.

HEARTS—2.

CLUBS—Kn 10, 6 5.

DIAMONDS—A Q, 2.

B

SPADES—A 10.

HEARTS—K.

CLUBS—K 4, 2.

DIAMONDS—K Kn 9, 8, 7, 6, 3.

Y

SPADES—7, 6, 5.

HEARTS—Q Kn, 8, 7.

CLUBS—9 8 7.

DIAMONDS—10 5, 4.

A

SPADES—4, 3, 2.

HEARTS—A, 10, 9, 6 5, 4, 3.

CLUBS—A, Q, 3.

DIAMONDS—None.

A deals, and bids two hearts. Suppose it is left in. B (his dummy) puts him down a really good hand, and A makes exactly two hearts (he must lose three hearts, one spade, one club), which is a poor result from this combination. Now suppose Y, as he would do, bid three diamonds. What is poor B to do? Have a shot at three spades, three hearts, three no-trumps, or what? It is a guess pure and simple, whatever he does; and guessing at bridge is bad business. Say he passes; Z passes. Now what can A do? He's got to start guessing now; and so we get both partners in a guessing competition, all due to A's fancy, though popular, bid of two. Sane bidding here is—

A—one heart. Y—two diamonds. B—two spades (or no-trumps). Z—no. A—no. Y—three diamonds. B—no. Z—no. A—three spades.

Y may go on with his diamonds, when B can double him, and then A might bid the fourth spade and A B go game.

As I have said before, results prove nothing. But this is a typical two heart bid (by those

[Continued overleaf.]

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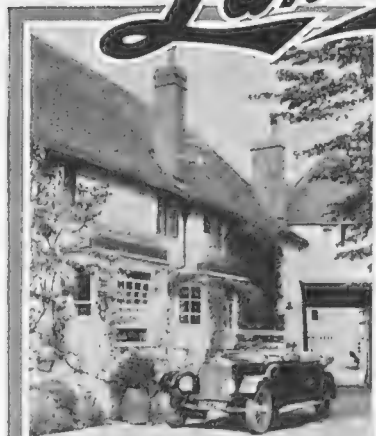
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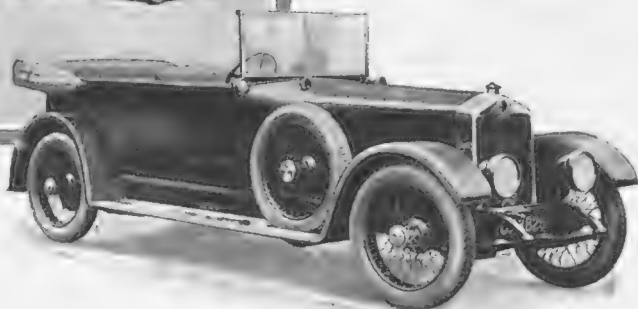
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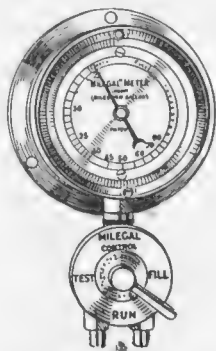
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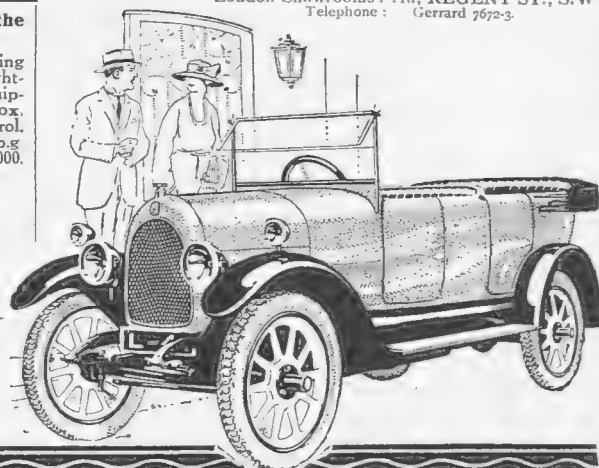
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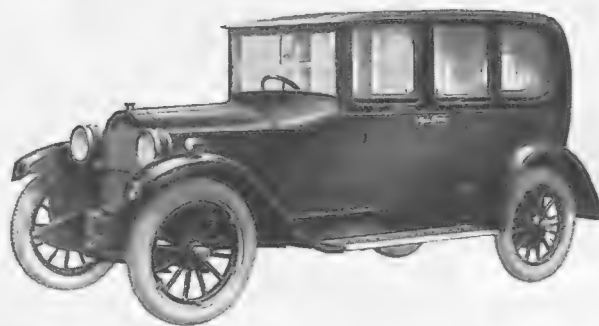
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Continued.] who make such calls; it is, indeed, a bit over average strength. Most players would bid two hearts on A's hand, even if it had not the side support in clubs; I am not sure they would not be all the keener on the bid *because* there was no side support (in which case the hand should pass). Anyhow, all these hands that bid two originally can be analysed (to the detriment of the bid) just like this one.

There are some people who actually indulge in the practice of calling two in the minor suits. Such people, as all good bridge players know, are at large thanks only to the lack of perspicacity on the part of the Lunacy Commissioners.

Take it from me, right here and now, there are only two sound original bridge declarations—namely, the call of one and of four (or more) in a major suit, and one no-trump.

There is also another brand of bridge declarers, who, if they value their freedom, had better keep clear of the above-mentioned Commissioners. I refer to those who raise their partners one no-trump to two no-trumps voluntarily—i.e., when there has been no intervening bid. I make a point always of asking my partners why they do this.

Some say airily, "Oh, because I had a good hand." Others say because they wanted to shut out adverse bidding. I ask in what; they reply, "Oh, in anything!" Sometimes—not very often, indeed—I hear the truth: "I don't know." That is the correct answer to my question every time.

Once a lady partner made answer: "It's



A WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR ACTOR WHO HAS TAKEN TO THE STAGE PROFESSIONALLY: MR. ANTHONY GORDON, NOW PLAYING DICK PHENYL IN "SWEET LAVENDER."

Mr. Anthony Gordon has for years played Dick Phenyl as an amateur, and has now acquired from Mr. Leon M. Lion the professional rights to perform the Pinero comedy and has been playing successfully on tour. In the autumn Mr. Gordon is to produce a new play in London entitled "Out of Evil," by Frederick Fenn. He is well known in the motoring world, and in private life is Major Gordon Watney.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

too late at night to explain," which remark was about as sensible as her bid. And here we get another anomaly of the declaration. There never has been, and there never will be, dealt a hand on which it is good play to hoist your partner's bid of *one no-trump* voluntarily; yet there have been, and there will be and there are, many hands on which it is good play to advance his *suit bid* voluntarily. H. S. B.

Correct Solutions to Bridge Problem No. 2 received from Percy E. Newton, R. S. C., Outis, R. F. Godfrey (who is thanked for his kind remarks), J. Vernon Wall, A. C. (Worthing) plays trick 1 correctly, and then goes wrong.

The awards for the Green Stripe Bridge Competition, which has been arousing so much interest, are as follows: First prize, which consists of £50 and a case of Green Stripe whisky, to Inst.-Commander E. W. Fitch, R.N., Royal Naval College, Greenwich; the second prize of £25 and a case of Green Stripe whisky to Mr. R. E. Houlding; the third prize of £10 and a case of Green Stripe to Mr. F. Bolton Carter and Mr. H. C. Maxwell, who tied; and a consolation prize of three bottles of Green Stripe has been awarded to the next eight. The correct calls, determined by public vote were: 1—three clubs; 2—No; 3—one no-trump; 4—No; 5—one no-trump; 6—one no-trump; 7—three clubs; and 8—re-double. Owing to the success of the competition a second one is being inaugurated.



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'Make beauty a duty!'



TOPICS AND TRIFLES OF THE DAY.

Dress at the Courts.

The dresses which are to be worn at the first Court of the season—which takes place to-day week, on May 30—will, from all accounts, be of the brilliant, glittering order, for heavily jewelled, embroidered gowns have been sent out from some of the most famous houses. Lady Massereene and Ferrard, for instance, is to wear a silver model, embroidered in diamonds and emeralds—a style likely to suit her tall, slender figure and brunette beauty; while Mrs. Handford, who is going with her, is to have a blue-and-silver gown covered with glistening jewel embroidery. It will be a yellow Court on May 30—at least, that is the prophecy, as so many dresses of this gay and becoming shade have been ordered for the occasion, some of them sewn with diamonds and pearls. There will not be many black dresses seen, but Viscountess Harcourt, who is presenting a daughter, has decided to wear a rich but sombre gown of dull jet embroidery. Some of the jewelled embroideries will appear on trains; but this is the exception, for modern woman, with her desire to link comfort and beauty where dresses are concerned, is a supporter of the wispy train, and prefers to adorn her Court gown with a train of chiffon and real lace, silver lace, or some light and delicate fabric which will not make its presence felt in any way. As for the *débutantes*, there is a reaction in favour of the girl of cream and roses; and what are known as *jeune fille* frocks, or "bread-and-butter-miss" gowns, are likely to be a Court feature this year.

Society in Paris.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe were among the many English diners at the *Jeudi dansant* at the Paris Ritz last week.

There were so many well-known English people there that one rubbed one's eyes, wondering whether you might not be dancing in a dream in London all the while. The Roxburghes have been staying with Lord and Lady Granard in their beautiful Paris home. Others at their party the other night were Mrs. Walter Burns and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck; while at a neighbouring table the Marquis de Castellane was entertaining a party that included Lady Curzon of Kedleston and her son, Mr. Hubert Duggan, and Lady Michelham.

Mr. Denys Trefusis—who married Mrs. George Keppel's elder daughter—was dancing after dinner, as was also the Baroness Schonberg, Count Wedel—a Danish relative of Queen Alexandra, who was so well known in London for years while he was attached to the Danish Legation here; Mrs. Bigelow—a charming American, whose husband is a relation of the quondam American Ambassador of that name to Paris a generation ago; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde, who have, however, since returned home to their house in Pont Street; Mr. and Mrs. Baring (he is a brother of Lord Ashburton, and lives mostly in Paris now); Lady Mortimer Davies, who always looks so *chic* in the severe, unrelieved black, still very much worn both at afternoon and evening parties everywhere; Mrs. Auriol Barran (Lord Greville's niece), who had just returned from Cannes, where the season surely must have lasted longer than it ever has done before.

Lord Alington was dining alone with his mother; and at another table were our Minister to Morocco and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson; while other young diplomatists on their way home from Spain were Mr. and Mrs. Houston Boswell, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Millington Drake, who are now home on two months' leave

from Bucharest. Mrs. Millington Drake is the second daughter of Lord Inchcape, and was married a little over a year ago.

One of the most *chic* French ladies, often at the Paris Ritz dinner-dances, is Mme. Bernstein, the beautiful wife of the celebrated playwright and novelist. The Rancee of Pudukota was also there on Thursday, and Colonel Percy Fitzgerald. Captain and Mrs. Gilroy are popular hosts in Paris always; and another well-known man there last week was Mr. Rupert Higgins, the second son of Mr. Harry Higgins, of Covent Garden Opera fame.

The *Sphere* for May 26 will contain an interesting colour section which will include a special picture of the window recently erected in Westminster Abbey in memory of the Queen's Westminster Rifles. This beautiful window was recently unveiled by the Prince of Wales as Honorary Colonel of the regiment. The Queen's Westmisters are the only Territorial regiment to be thus commemorated in the Abbey. This number will thus have a special interest for every member of the Queen's Westminster Rifles.

THE £1000 COVER DESIGN COMPETITION :
THE OFFICIAL ORDER OF MERIT.

The many competitors who have sent in solutions to our £1000 Cover Design Competition will be interested to hear that the Official Order of Merit of the Cover Designs will be given in our next issue of "The Sketch"—that dated May 30.




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I've used Wright's, darling, for more years than you could count on all your fingers and all your toes, too! Why, I bathed your mother with it when she was a little girl like you!

And its action on the skin is so gentle that it is just as good for baby and you as it is for grandma!

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Dainty Tea Frock in good quality georgette, bodice with round neck and new centre front drapery finished with handsome crystal bead ornament, lined self material throughout. In black and a large range of colours.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHY is it so much harder for Stock Exchange prices to rise than it is for them to fall?"

"That question is one which has often puzzled me," confessed one of the brokers sitting at the same luncheon table. "By great effort, a price goes up two or three shillings. Then something happens, and back it drops five bob, without so much as a struggle."

"You exaggerate, of course."

"And purposely. But the principle is correct. Comes right over and over again. How d'you account for it?"

"Only by the presumption that there are more sellers, as a rule, than buyers. That is so, isn't it?"

"Difficult to say. What you've got to remember is the fact that the buyer is always up against the unexpected."

"But why should the unexpected be unfavourable?"

"Now you've cornered me. The unexpected you have to rank, I suppose, with the Chapter of Accidents, and that is naturally full of bear points."

"Well, it's an extraordinary thing, to my mind, that prices in the Stock Exchange should fall so very much more easily than they rise."

"We must let it go at that. Did you pick up any cheap stuff in the slump before Whitsun?"

"Didn't attempt to. I'd rather pay more money in a good market than risk having to hang on indefinitely to shares that are offered more cheaply when things are flat."

"You can rely upon them going up again if you stick to good things."

"That's open to argument, to say the least of it. Take Courtaulds, as an example. Good shares, surely. But can you rely upon the price going up?"

"Courtaulds are already high."

"Same remark would apply to anything else when markets are dull. They all look high, then."

"Yes, but Courtaulds——"

"If I were a big man, with plenty of money to see me through, I'd sell a substantial bear of them, for the long shot. Being only small, I try to snatch turns on the bull tack. See?"

Our Stroller nodded, paid his reckoning, and went out into Throgmorton Street, a new idea of Stock Exchange speculation in his mind.

He passed a couple of men discussing the Rubber and Oil Markets, apparently comparing the respective chances of the shares.

"Can't see Rubber better just yet," said one man. "Mincing Lane isn't at all happy, and——"

"The visible stocks of rubber are reduced every week. Yet rubber falls. One would have expected just the opposite to happen. There's talk of a shortage, too. Can't understand it."

"The American buyers of rubber are too clever for our own sellers. That's one reason. Another is the constant leakage which goes on through smuggling, evasion, and that kind of thing. It plays into the hands of the buyers every time."

"There's this about the Rubber Market: any change in the position takes place so suddenly that you are afraid to sell shares, in case the thief may come in the night——"

"To steal your rubber, bring about a shortage, put up the price and alter the whole aspect of affairs."

"That's so. But as for Oil, well——"

"Too many 'wells'; except in Mexico."

Oil is dependent upon the expansion of trade throughout the world, and that comes slowly."

"But surely."

"I think you're right. Everywhere you go there are signs that things are already better. The Ruhr chaos has helped our iron and coal and steel trades. Temporarily, of course, but usefully."

"And I'm told that some of the big Scottish companies are working full time again."

"It's coming, this trade revival, without a doubt. People recognise this, and are not so keen as they were on buying gilt-edged stock."

"I sold my Conversion," volunteered Our Stroller.

"What did you put the money into, if it isn't a rude question?"

"Left it on deposit at the bank, so that I can buy back my Conversion when it seems right to have it again."

"That time's getting near," declared his broker, who had wandered along. "The Industrial recovery isn't rapid enough to absorb all the money that keeps on accumulating."

"What shall I do with my French Bonds?" asked, very disconsolately, one of the group. "I paid nearly 70 for my Fives, and now they're under 30." He groaned aloud.

"And there are scores of people in the same boat," said the broker.

"That's no consolation," retorted the victim. "I'm afraid to buy more; I can't bring myself to sell, and—what am I to do?"

"They've got to be worse before they're better," Our Stroller interpellated. "Just like the——"

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true," but a taxi deprived the waiting world of what might have proved a most sagacious, if not an entirely original, simile.

Thursday, May 17, 1923.



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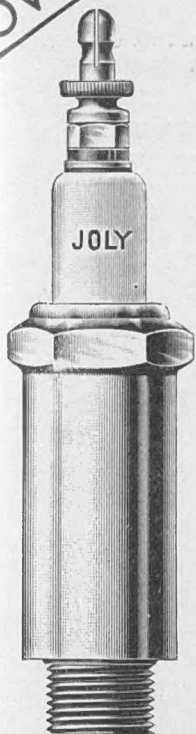
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SECOND 'GREEN STRIPE' AUCTION BRIDGE COMPETITION

After a photo
by E. HOPPE

£50 for the Correct Call

GRATIFIED with the keen interest taken by their many friends in their recent Auction Bridge Competition, the proprietors of 'Green Stripe' Whisky are offering the following prizes for the correct calls in a second series of eight hands, and the competition will be judged by the famous expert, 'YARBOROUGH,' Bridge Editor of the *Sunday Times*.

Rules of the Competition

In the case of Problems Nos. 1 to 7 the replies must be SINGLE DEFINITE CALLS. If any condition or limitation be added, the reply will be DISQUALIFIED. The correct replies to the questions will be determined by PLEBISCITE: that is to say, the decision adjudged to be correct will be that which is established by the majority of the answers received.

The prize winners will be selected as follows:—All solutions to Problems No. 1 to No. 7 will be examined first, and those who have the greatest number of correct calls, according to the plebi-cite, will then be judged on their replies to Problem 8. The awards will be finally decided by 'YARBOROUGH' on the merits of these replies and his decision must be considered as final. A competitor may send in one set of answers only.

All solutions must be received by June 30th. A copy of previous problems will be sent free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Keep these problems beside you till the complete eight hands have appeared. The remaining four problems will be given in advertisements that will appear in this paper each week for the next two weeks. Address replies, stating name and address of your wine merchant, solely to J. & G. Stewart Ltd., 34 West Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, marking the envelope with the name of this paper.

FIRST PRIZE—£50 in cash and a case of 'Green Stripe' Whisky
SECOND PRIZE—£25 in cash and a case of 'Green Stripe' Whisky.

Problem No. 3—SCORE: Love all. Z 2 Hearts, A 2 Spades, Y 3 Hearts. What should B say, holding ♥ J, 8, 4, 3; ♣ A, K, 10, 7, 6, 3; ♦ A, 6, 5; ♠ None?

THIRD PRIZE—£10 in cash and a case of 'Green Stripe' Whisky.

Problem No. 4—SCORE: AB Game and 24; YZ Game and Love. Z 1 Heart, A No, Y 1 Spade. What should B say, holding ♥ K, 10, 9, 8, 6; ♣ 9, 7, 5; ♦ A, K, 5, 3; ♠ 10?

NOTE.—A and B are partners against Y and Z.

Z is always the dealer, and A is on his left.

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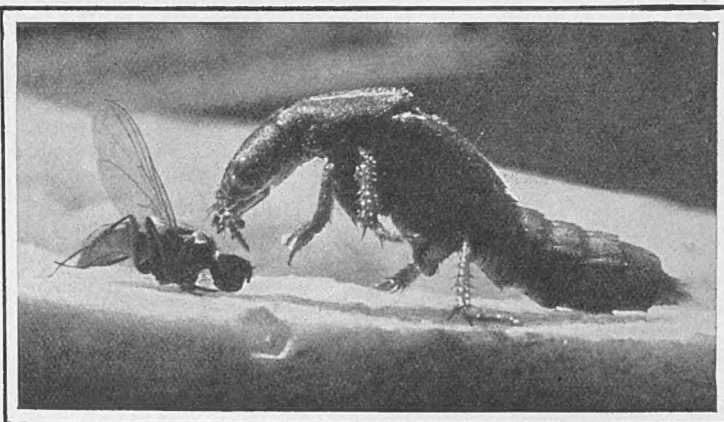
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